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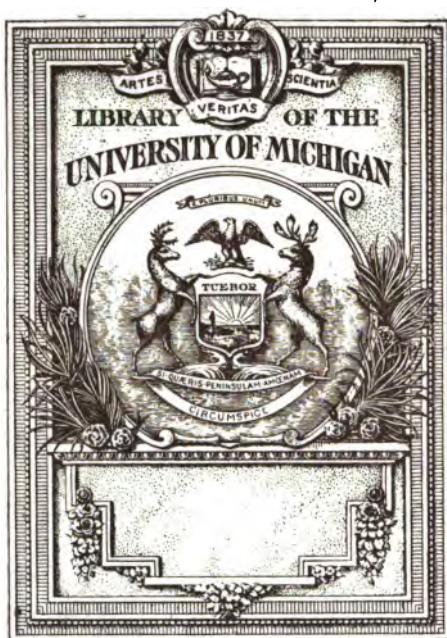
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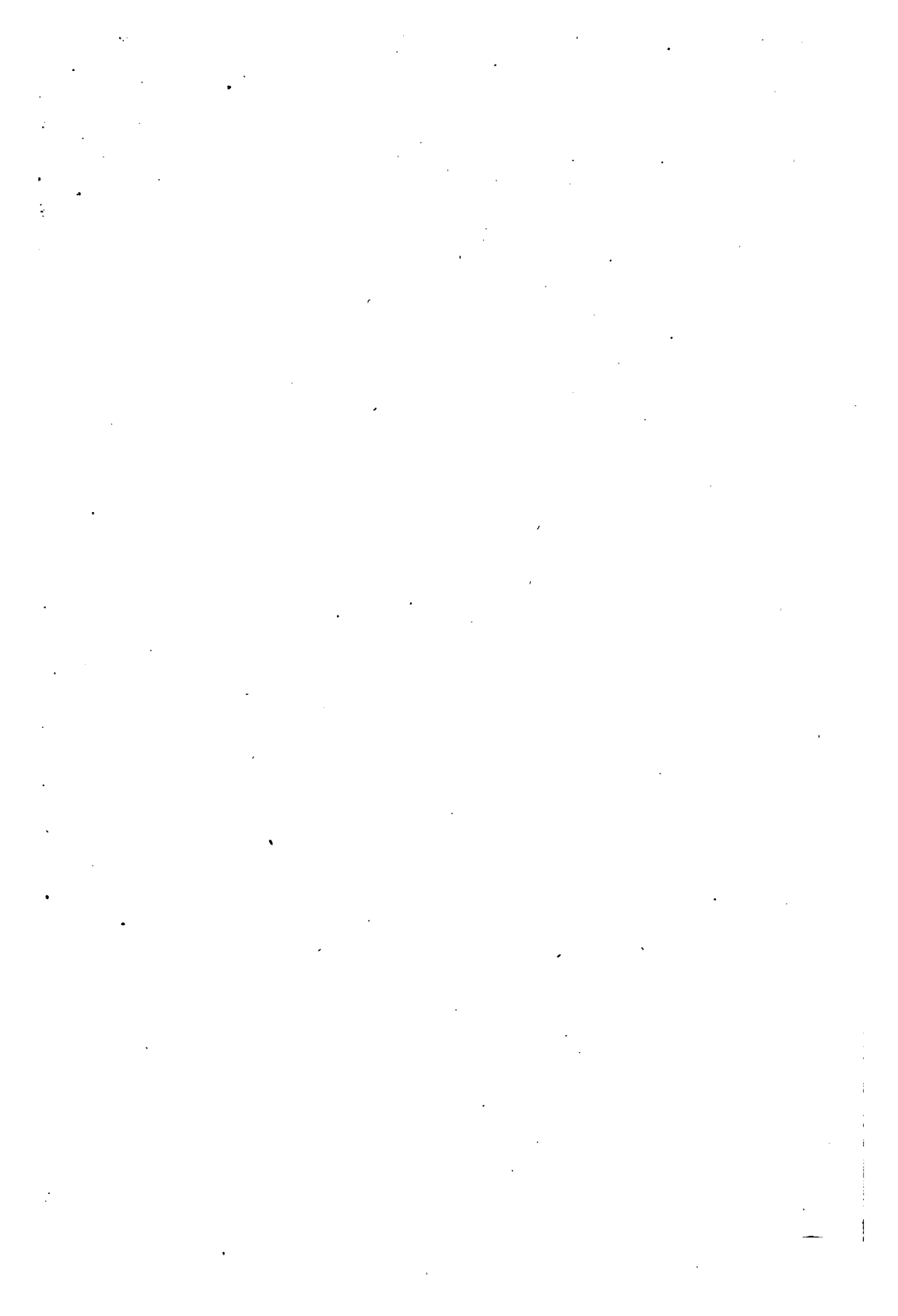


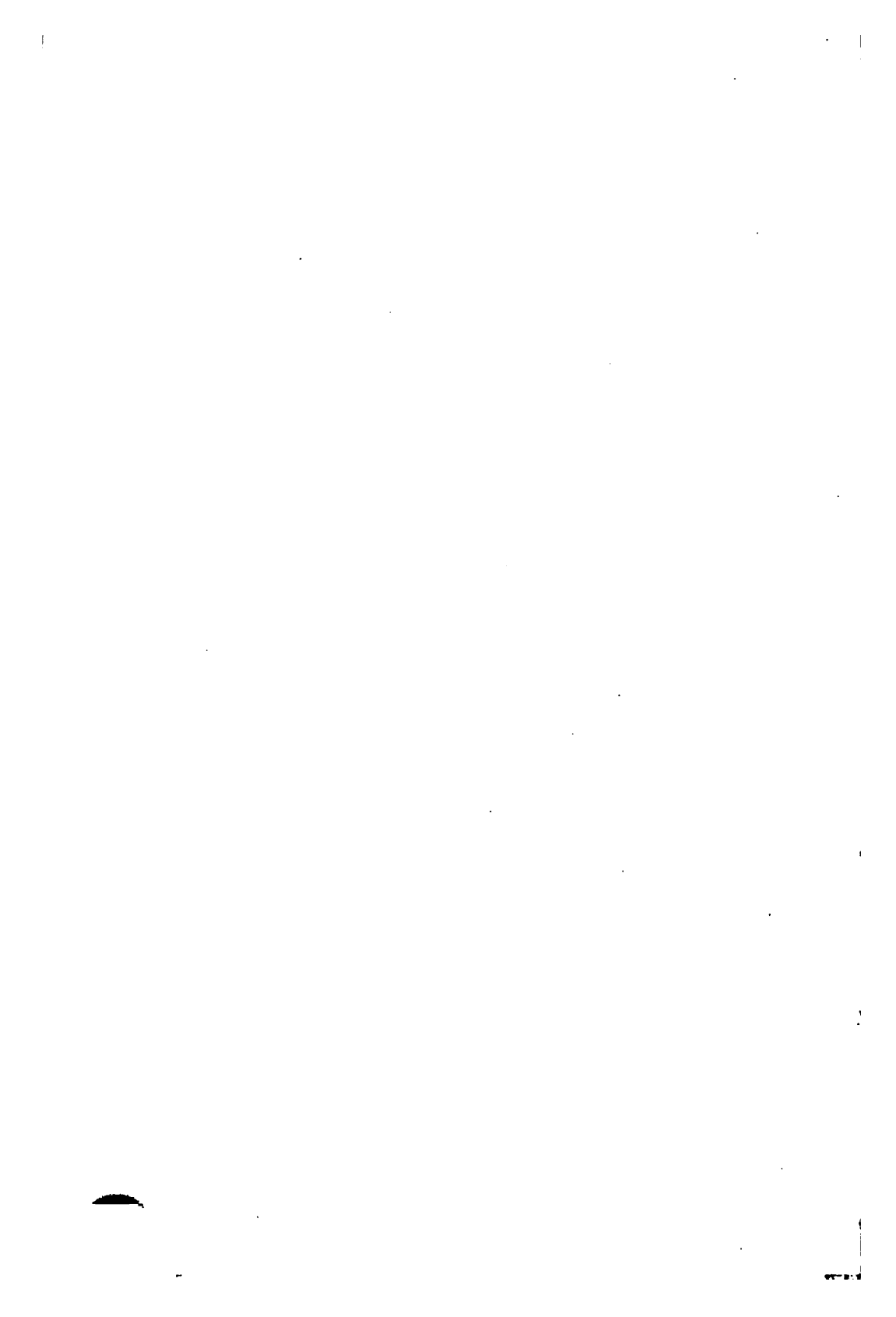
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PEARL







Drausons Ph. Soc.

*"O Pearl!" quoth I, 'with pearls bedight,
art thou my Pearl?—alone of me
regretted, and through the night bewailed."*

PEARL

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1026.

LEVEL OF SERVICE

66 (3) 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

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2. PROSECUTION OF DAVID NELSON
 IN THE CIRCUIT COURT

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β . It is shown that the system of equations (1) has a solution for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition $\alpha + \beta = 1$ is satisfied. This condition is also necessary for the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β .

2. In the second part of the paper the problem of the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β is solved. It is shown that the system of equations (1) has a solution for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition $\alpha + \beta = 1$ is satisfied. This condition is also necessary for the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β .

3. In the third part of the paper the problem of the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β is solved. It is shown that the system of equations (1) has a solution for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition $\alpha + \beta = 1$ is satisfied. This condition is also necessary for the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β .

4. In the fourth part of the paper the problem of the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β is solved. It is shown that the system of equations (1) has a solution for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition $\alpha + \beta = 1$ is satisfied. This condition is also necessary for the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β .

5. In the fifth part of the paper the problem of the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β is solved. It is shown that the system of equations (1) has a solution for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β if and only if the condition $\alpha + \beta = 1$ is satisfied. This condition is also necessary for the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters α and β .

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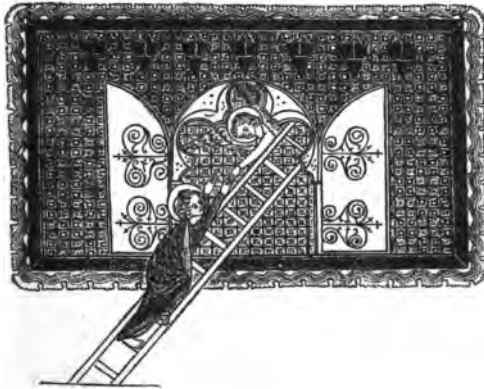
PEARL

An English Poem
of the Fourteenth Century

EDITED WITH A MODERN RENDERING

BY

ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.,
of Christ's College, Cambridge.



London

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1891

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TO
A CHILD'S LOVE
I DEDICATE
'PEARL'

*'What care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a Pearl
The countercharm of space and hollow sky.'*

P R E F A C E



LIZABETHAN literature has received its full share of recognition during the past decade; it is perhaps time that some attempt should be made to interest Englishmen in the rich treasures of earlier English literature. Two causes contribute to the prevailing ignorance concerning the writers of pre-Conquest and pre-Tudor times. In the first place, there is the real difficulty of language; in the second, the fact that a large number of our early texts, more especially the Anglo-Saxon poems, have not as yet found adequate interpretation. The Early English Text Society has done, and is still doing, great work of national importance in bringing to the light of day and rescuing from oblivion much that has remained hidden for centuries, but its publications appeal rather to the specialist than to the general public; moreover, the history of the Society represents the history of English studies in this country, and consequently several of its earliest issues, and these by no means the least important texts, are naturally behind the present advanced state of English scholarship. The poem of 'Pearl,' among the first of the treasures

unearthed by the Society, is a case in point. Dr. Morris, its first editor, whom all scholars justly regard as the father of the scientific study of English, would be the first to recognise that a new edition of the poem has been sorely needed for some time now ; it has indeed been one of the chief desiderata of English students. The present edition of the text, the most difficult as well as perhaps the most beautiful of Middle-English poems, has been carefully prepared from the unique MS. in the Cottonian collection, every variation from the MS. being noted at the end of the volume, together with brief discussions of all doubtful passages. As a general principle, the letters v and j have been substituted for u and i, where the consonantal sound is intended ; for the sign ȝ the letters z, gh, y, have been printed, where these sounds are severally to be understood. The strange combination cz, so common in the poem, represents a scribal mannerism which may be interpreted as cz or tz ; it is a doubtful question which of these was intended. In any future edition it would, I think, be the better plan to mark the sound by z with a diacritical sign ; tz, even if correct, and there is much to be said for it, is most misleading to modern readers, and has resulted in serious misconceptions. Lastly, it must be pointed out that contracted letters are printed in the ordinary type employed, and not in italics, as is usually done.

As the present edition aims at gaining readers outside the limited circle of specialists, a modern English rendering

accompanies the text. Without in any way wishing to disarm criticism, I would explain that the rendering is an attempt to do justice to the spirit of the original ; in my zeal I may have occasionally laid myself open to the charge of paraphrasing rather than translating ; wherever I have allowed myself freedom, there has, I trust, been some just cause ; most of such passages are commented on in my 'Critical Notes.'

It is my pleasing duty to thank my revered Master, Professor Skeat, for his deep interest in my book, watched over and fostered by him from its first beginnings. May the work be worthy of his teaching ! I have had, too, the advantage of discussing points of the poem with Mr. Henry Bradley, and owe much to his vast lexicographical knowledge. English scholars will, I hope, join with me in gratefully acknowledging my debt to Mr. Holman Hunt for having given 'Pearl' a noble place in the history of English art. Finally, it is my privilege to express my profound thanks to the Laureate for having guerdoned my labour with the most coveted of distinctions ; graced with the imprimatur of his honoured name, 'Pearl' will, I feel sure, find kindly welcome in many an English home.

ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
March 12th, 1891.



FRONTISPIECE	<i>By W. HOLMAN HUNT</i>
PREFATORY LINES	<i>By LORD TENNYSON</i>

DEDICATION

PREFACE	<i>Pages xi—xiii</i>
INTRODUCTION	xix—lii
TEXT	2—102
TRANSLATION	3—103
NOTES	106—130
GLOSSARY	133—142

INTRODUCTION

*'Of the West Cuntre it semeth that he was,
Bi his maner of speche and bi his style.'*



WHILE Chaucer was still learning among princes and courtiers to fashion dainty measures on themes of Love and Jolité, charming the ears of noble dames with his balades and rondels, Modern English Poetry had already stirred into life, pre-saging with no uncertain tokens its glorious future. Its cradle-song was a 'Lament'; its 'Vita Nuova' an 'In Memoriam.'

The poem of 'Pearl' has, I think, indisputable claims to the place I would assign to it, whether judged by considerations of time, artistic form, or tone. I can suggest to the reader no better test than to turn from the perusal of this poem to Chaucer's first ambitious effort, 'The Book of the Duchess,' and to judge between the relative worth of the two elegies. Chaucer is altogether disappointing; his 'Dream' is lifeless and conventional; our poem surprises one, not merely by its intrinsic beauty, but even more by its simple and direct appeal to what is eternal and elemental in human nature; yet 'Pearl' is undoubtedly the older. Again, its artistic form indicates the peculiar position that this old 'In Memoriam' occupies in the evolution of modern English poetry. It represents a compromise between the two schools of English poetry that strove for pre-eminence during the latter half of the fourteenth century, the period with which Chaucer is especially identified as its greatest and noblest product. On the one hand there were the poets of the East-Midland district, with London as its literary

centre, who sought their inspiration in the literature of France ; Chaucer and his devotees were the representatives of this class, for whom earlier English poetry meant nothing, and whose debt to it was indeed small. These poets preluded the 'spacious times of great Elizabeth'; they were 'the forward link' in our literary history. But there was also 'the backward link,' the poets whose literary ancestors were Cædmon and Cynewulf and that circle of Anglian poets whose work, for the most part, has still to be revealed to Englishmen. This class of poets had its home in the West-Midland shires, along the line of the Welsh Marches, where the old English spirit lived on long after the days of the Conquest, where the old English alliterative measure was probably at no time wholly forgotten, until at last Langland and a crowd of nameless poets revived it as an instrument of literary expression. The Saxon element predominated here, as the Norman in the East-Midland poets. Chaucer could not have appreciated Langland's poetry at its proper worth 'right for strangness of his dark langáge,' to use the actual words of an East-Midland poet¹ concerning another, whose 'manner of speech and style' pronounced him 'of the West Country.' Langland, on the other hand, with his intensely didactic purpose, would have had but scant sympathy with the light-hearted and genial spirit of his greater contemporary. But it would seem that there arose a third class of poets during this period of formation, whose avowed endeavour was to harmonise these diverse elements of Old and New, to blend the archaic alliterative rhythm with the measures of Romance song. The ballads of Minot and other fourteenth-century poems point in this direction, but I can name no sustained piece of literature at all comparable with 'Pearl,' as an instance of success in reconciling elements seemingly so irreconcilable. English poetry, though it has long outgrown the cumbersome system of regular alliteration, still fondly clings to alliterative effect as one of its peculiar properties, and from this point of view, 'Pearl,' with one hand towards Langland and one towards Chaucer, stands on the very threshold of modern verse.

A kindly fate has preserved this poem from oblivion ; a fate that has saved for us so much from the wreckage of time. Indeed, the Old

¹ Capgrave ; see Prologue to 'Life of St. Katherine,' printed in 'Capgrave's Chronicle' ; edited by E. M. Thomson, (*Rolls Series*).

English Muse must have borne a charmed life, surviving so many of the ills that ancient books were heirs to. Our knowledge of pre-Chaucerian literature seems almost miraculous, when we note that most extant works of that early period are preserved to us in single unique MSS. 'Cotton, Nero. A. x.' is one of these priceless treasures. Bound up with a dull 'panegyric oration' on a certain John Chedworth, Archdeacon of Lincoln in the fifteenth century, and with some commonplace theological excerpts of the thirteenth century, four English poems are contained in this small quarto volume, each of high intrinsic worth, and of special interest to the student of our early literature. The handwriting of the poems, 'small, sharp, and irregular,' belongs on the best authority to the latter years of the fourteenth century. There are neither titles nor rubrics in the MS., but the chief divisions are marked by large initial letters of blue, flourished with red, and several illuminations, coarsely executed, serve by way of illustration, each of them occupying a full page.¹ The difficulty of the language of these poems and the strangeness of the script is no doubt answerable for the treatment they received at the hands of the old cataloguers of the Cottonian collection; probably few modern scholars before Warton, Conybeare, and Madden knew more of the poems than the first page of the MS., and from this they hastily inferred that the whole was a continuous poem 'in Old English, on religious and moral subjects,' or, 'Vetus poema Anglicanum, in quo sub insomnii figmento multa ad religionem et mores spectantia explicantur.' An old librarian, who attempted a transcription of the first four lines, produced the following result :—

' Perle pleasaunte to prynces paye
To claulx clos in gode soeter,
Oute se wyent I hardely saye
Ne proved I never her precios pere.'

To Madden belongs, it would seem, the credit of having shown for the first time that these earlier describers of the MS. had confused four distinct poems, and since his days the poems have received increased, though by no means adequate, attention from all students of our literature.

The first of the four poems, 'Pearl,' tells of a father's grief for a lost

¹ In my description of the illustrations, I have necessarily used Sir Frederick Madden's excellent account in his 'Sir Gawayne'; but all the facts have been freshly investigated.

child, and how in his grief he was comforted, and learnt the lesson of resignation. The best commentary on the poem is the text itself, which is here put before all classes of readers in an intelligible form. It is but necessary to dwell on a few facts connected with its source and technic.

A 'Lament' and a 'Vision' is the theme of 'Pearl.' A fourteenth-century poet, casting about for the form best suited for such a poem, had two courses before him ; on the one hand, there was that great storehouse of 'dream pictures,' 'The Romaunt of the Rose'; on the other, the symbolic pages of Scripture. A poet of the Chaucer school would have chosen the former, and the lost 'Marguerite' would have suggested an allegory of the 'flour that bereth our alder pris in figuryng,' and in the 'Vision' the 'Marguerite' would have been transfigured as the type of truest womanhood, a maiden in the train of Love's Queen, Alcestis. But the cult of the 'daisy' seems to have been altogether unknown to our poet, or at least to have had no attraction for him ; his lost 'Marguerite,' a beloved child, was for him a lost jewel, a pearl, and 'he bethought him on the man that sought the precious Margarites, and when he had founden one to his liking, he solde all his good to buy that jewell.' The basis of the 'Vision' is the verse of the Gospel alluded to here, together with the closing chapters of the Apocalypse. Mary, the Queen of heaven, not Alcestis, Queen of Love, reigns in the visionary Paradise that the poet pictures forth.

The 'pearl' was a favourite allegorical theme with medieval theologians, but rarely with the poets. I know of but one piece of English literature other than this poem in which it forms the main motive ; it is a poet's work, though written in prose, and must belong to the same epoch as the poem. I allude to the 'Testament of Love,' a remarkable composition, once regarded as Chaucer's.¹ It is obviously an imitation of the 'Consolation of Philosophy' of Boethius, but in allegorising the Grace of God by 'a precious Margaret,' for whose love he pines, the author may have been influenced by the poem of 'Pearl.' Under any circumstances the poem gives the prose work special interest ; the latter clearly shows how our poet has avoided the danger of being over mystical in the treatment of his subject ; where the poet is simple and direct, the

¹ Still so regarded by some critics, but without reason ; apart from questions of style, the work cannot be Chaucer's, seeing that the author refers to the writer of 'Troilus' as 'the most philosophical poet.' An edition of the 'Testament' is a *desideratum*.

prose writer is everywhere abstruse and vague, and he is forced to close his book with a necessary explanation of his allegory :—

‘Right so a jewell betokeneth a gemme, and that is a stone vertuous, or els a perle. Margarite, a woman betokeneth grace, lernyng, or wisdom of God, or els holie Church. If bred through vertue is made holie fleshe, what is that our God saith? It is the spirit that yeveth life, the fleshe of nothyng it profiteth. Fleshe is fleshly understanding: Fleshe without grace and love naught is worthe. The letter sleeth, the spirite yeveth lifelich understandyng. Charitie is love, and love is Charitie, God graunte us all therein to be frended.’ And thus the Testament of love is ended.’

Professor Ten Brink, commenting on the ‘Pearl,’ has well pointed out, that, though the poem was decidedly influenced by the allegorical poetry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, yet here, as in the ‘Divine Comedy,’ the allegory is lifted almost to symbolism by its earnestness and intensity, and by the evident mysticism which is connected with a well-known passage of the Apocalypse. A comparison of the poem and the ‘Testament’ brings out clearly this special characteristic of ‘Pearl,’ and corroborates this criticism. I venture, however, to differ from him in several of his subsequent statements.

In the first place, I cannot endorse his view that ‘the poet modelled diction and form on those of a colleague in art from the Welsh Marches, almost contemporary with him, and the author of a “Song of Merci,” a “Song of Deo Gracias,” and other poems.’ These poems cannot well be the original of the strophe of ‘Pearl.’ They have externally, it is true, the same arrangement of twelve lines with four accents, rhymed according to the scheme *ab ab ab ab be be* and combining rhyme with alliteration,¹ but they are nevertheless later in point of date than the ‘Pearl,’ for the obvious reason that their poet has absolutely no sense of the real rhythm of the line he uses, the beauty of its well-defined caesura, and the dignity of its movement. The writer of the ‘Song of Merci’ was a mere Lydgate imitating some earlier Chaucer; and as far as we can judge by extant remains of

¹ ‘Pearl’ contains one hundred and one such verses; these divide again into twenty sections, each consisting of five stanzas having the same refrain; section xv. is exceptional in having six stanzas; throughout the poem the last or main word of the refrain is caught up in the first line of the next stanza. Finally, the last line of the poem is almost identical with the first, and rounds off the whole. The scribe has by error omitted one line (see stanza 40).

the period, the Chaucer in this instance was probably the poet of the 'Pearl.' I quote two stanzas from the third-rate 'Song of Merci,' that the reader may judge for himself :—

Bi west under a wylde wodesyde
 In a launde¹ ther i was lente²
 Wlanke³ deer⁴ on grounde gunne glyde
 And lyouns rauning uppon bente ;⁴
 Beores, wolves with mouthes wyde
 The smale beestes thei al torente ;⁵
 Ther hankes unto heore pray thei hyde,
 Of whuche to on i tok good tente :
 A merlyon,⁶ a bird had hente,
 And in hire foot heo gan hit bringe ;
 Hit couthe not speke, but thus hit mente,
 How merci passeth alle thinge.

Merci was in that briddes⁷ mynde,
 But therof kneu the hauk non,
 For in hir foot heo gan hit bynde
 And heold hit stille as eni ston ;
 Heo dude after the cours of kynde,⁸
 And fleigh into a treo anon ;
 Thorw kuynde the brid gan merci fynde,
 For on the morwe heo let hit gon.
 Ful stille i stod myself alon,
 To herken hou that brid gan synge :
 Away wol wende bothe murthe and moon,
 And merci passeth alle thinge.

I can point to no direct source to which the poet of 'Pearl' was indebted for his measure ; that it ultimately belongs to Romance poetry I have little doubt. These twelve-line verses seem to me to resemble the earliest form of the sonnet more than anything else I have as yet discovered. Perhaps students of lyrical poetry may find 'a billow of tidal music one and whole' in the 'octave,' and in the closing quatrain of the verse the 'ebbing' of the sonnet's 'sestet.' It is noteworthy that the earliest extant sonnet, that of Pier delle Vigne, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to Mr. J. A. Symonds, has the same arrangement of rhymes in its octave as the stanzas of 'Pearl,' viz., *ab ab ab ab*. Be this as it may, all will, I hope, recognise that there is a distinct gain in giving to the 101 stanzas of the poem the appearance of a sonnet sequence, marking clearly the break between the initial octave and the closing quatrain.

¹ Heath.

² Where I abode.

³ Noble deer.

⁴ Field.

⁵ Tore to pieces.

⁶ A merlin hawk.

⁷ Bird's.

⁸ She did as nature ordains.

When 'Pearl' was written, the sonnet was still foreign to English literature ; the author of 'Pearl,' without any doubt, must have known of the form ; if so, he wisely rejected it for a measure less 'monumental,' and more suited for lyrical emotion. The refrain, the repetition of the catch-word of each verse, the trammels of alliteration, all seem to have offered no difficulty to our poet ; and if power over technical difficulties constitutes in any way a poet's greatness, the author of 'Pearl,' from this point of view alone, must take high rank among English poets. Professor Ten Brink, while amply recognising the ease with which the poet works in this most artificial form, is of opinion that the form, 'according to our feelings,' is little suited to the subject. Into the question of the lyrical measure best suited for elegy I have no wish to enter, but surely, to judge by his results, the poet seems to have discovered the artistic form best suited for his subject ; with a rich vocabulary at his command, consisting, on the one hand, of alliterative phrases and 'native mother-words,' and on the other hand, of the poetical phraseology of the great French classics of his time, he succeeded in producing a series of stanzas so simple in syntax, so varied in rhythmical effect, now lyrical, now epical, never undignified, as to leave the impression, that no form of metre could have been more suitably chosen for this elegiac theme.

Nor can I recognise the justice of Professor Ten Brink's criticism that 'the diction of the poem is faulty in too great copiousness.' The very contrary seems to me to be one of its distinguishing characteristics. A single instance will hardly suffice on a matter which depends so largely on individual taste, but the instance I would quote is, I think, instructive. Rendering into modern English that part of the poem which deals with the Parable of the Vineyard, I was particularly struck by the remarkable terseness of the poetical rendering, and by the fact, moreover, that in so many of its phrases it anticipates our modern version, comparing most favourably with the crude Wiclifite translation, which it preceded by some score years or more. It is interesting to note how, in spite of its elaborate metre, the earlier poetical rendering moves with more freedom and ease than the later prose. My readers would perhaps care to test the matter for themselves. The parable occupies stanzas 42-48 of the poem ; Wiclif's version is as follows :—

'The kyngdam of hevenes is lic to an husbond man, that wente out first erly, to hyre workemen in to his vyne yerd. Forsothe the covenant

maad with workmen, of a peny for the day, he sente hem in to his vyne yerd. And he, gon out about the thridde hour, say other stondynge ydil in the chepyng. And he seide to hem, 'Go and yee in to my vyne yerd, and that that shal be rightful, I shal yeue to you.' Sotheli thei wenten forth. Forsothe eftsoone he wente out aboute the sixte hour, and the nynethe, and dide on liche manere. But aboute the elleventhe houre he wente out and foond other stondynge, and he seide to hem, 'What stonden ye her ydil al day?' Thei seien to hym, 'For no man hath hirid us.' He seith to hem, 'Go and ye in to my vyne yerd.' Forsothe whenne evenynge was maad, the lord of the vyne yerd seith to his procuratour, 'Clepe the workmen, and yelde to hem her hijre, bygynnyng at the laste til to the firste.' Therefore whenne thei weren commen, that camen about the elleventh hour, and thei token synguler pens. Trewly and the firste cummyng demeden, that thei weren to take more, trewly and thei token echon by hym silf a peny. And thei takynge grutcheden ayains the husbond man, sayinge, 'These laste diden oon our, and thou hast maad hem even to us, that han born the charge of the day and hete?' And he answeyng to oon of hem, seide, 'Frend, I do thee no wronge, whether thou hast nat accordid with me for a peny? Take that that is thine, and go; forsothe Y wole yeve and to the laste, as and to thee. Wher it is nat leful to me for to do that that I wole? Wher thin eiye is wickid, for I am good? So there shulen be the last the firste, and the first the laste; for many ben clepid, but few chosun.'

Again, I cannot understand Professor Ten Brink's indictment that the poet's descriptions are faulty 'in too much wealth and brilliancy.' Surely this criticism cannot apply to a poem whose inspiration is derived from the visionary scenes of the Apocalypse. The heightened style of the descriptions is to my mind one of the chief charms of the poem, and had we been unable to trace the rich imagery to its oriental source, the temptation would have been irresistible to discover in it 'the sheer inimitable Celtic note.' The wealth and brilliancy which pervades 'Pearl,' may still delight those theorists who seek in our literature that 'fairy dew of natural magic,' which is supposed to be the peculiar gift of the Celtic genius. It would, I think, be fair to say that the Apocalypse has had a special fascination for the poet because of its almost Romantic fancy, and that he has touched certain scenes of the book with a brilliancy of colour and richness of description altogether foreign to the

Germanic strain of our literature. 'Pearl' finds its truest counterpart in the delicate miniatures of medieval missals, steeped in richest colours and bright with gold, and it is just those scenes of the Apocalypse which the old miniaturists loved to portray, one might better say lived to portray, that seem to have been uppermost in our poet's mind,—such favourite themes as 'I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven,' which gave special scope to the artist's fancy. On the title-page of this book will be found an imprint from one of these old miniatures; it is part of an illustration to the verse just quoted; it may well apply to our poet,

Falling with his weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs.

The pictorial character of his poem could not have escaped the poet. The unique MS. of 'Pearl' is preceded by four illustrations depicting its chief episodes. In the first, the author is represented slumbering in a meadow, by the side of a beflowered mound (not a stream, as has been said), clad in a long red gown, having falling sleeves, turned up with white, and a blue hood attached round the neck. In the second, the same figure appears, drawn on a larger scale, and standing by a river. In the third he is again represented in a similar position, with his hands raised, and on the opposite side is a lady dressed in white, in the costume of Richard the Second's and Henry the Fourth's time; her dress is buttoned tight up to the neck, and on her head is a crown. In the fourth, the author is kneeling by the water, and beyond the stream is depicted a castle or palace, on the embattled walls of which the same lady appears, with her arm extended towards him. In place of a reproduction of these crude works of art, the editor has the good fortune to present his readers with the embodiment of the poem's theme as conceived by the greatest of modern pre-Raphaelites.

Two illustrations follow the concluding pages of 'Pearl'; they are evidently intended respectively to represent Noah and his family in the ark, and the prophet Daniel expounding the writing on the wall to the affrighted Belshazzar and his queen. It is clear that these have nothing to do with the subject of 'Pearl'; they belong to a second poem, written in a distinctly different metre, the short lines of 'Pearl' giving place to longer lines, alliterative and rhymeless. The subject of the poem is its first word, 'Cleanness,' and it relates in epic style the scriptural stories

of the Marriage Feast, the Fall of the Angels, the Flood, the Visit of the Angels to Abraham, Belshazzar's Feast, and Nebuchadnezzar's Fall. A third poem, preceded again by two new pictures, follows this, wherein the medieval artist represents episodes in the life of Jonah; in the one, the sailors are throwing the prophet into the raging sea; in the other, he is preaching to the people of Nineveh. The poem is a metrical rendering of the story of Jonah, and is in the same metre as the preceding; the subject, too, is indicated by its first word, 'Patience.'

These two poems may be regarded as pendants to 'Pearl,' dwelling more definitely on its two main themes—purity, and submission to the divine will. The link that binds 'Cleanness' to 'Pearl' is unmistakeable. The 'pearl' is again dwelt on as the type of innocence.

1 'How can we approach His court save we be clean?

Through shrift thou may'st shine, though thou hast served shame;
thou may'st become pure through penance, till thou art a pearl.
The pearl is praised wherever gems are seen,
though it be not the dearest by way of merchandise.
Why is the pearl so prized, save for its purity,
that wins praise for it above all white stones?
It shineth so bright; it is so round of shape;
without fault or stain; if it be truly a pearl.
It becometh never the worse for wear,
be it ne'er so old, if it remain but whole.
If by chance 'tis uncared for and becometh dim,
left neglected in some lady's bower,
wash it worthily in wine, as its nature requireth:
it becometh e'en clearer than ever before.

1 'Hou schulde thou com to his kyth bot if thou clene were . . .
Thou may schyne thurgh schryfte, thagh thou have schome served,
And pure the with penaunce tyl thou a perle worthe,
Perle prayed is prys, ther perre is schewed,
Thagh him not derrest be demed to dele for pennies,
Quat may the cause be called, bot for hir clene hues,
That wynnes worship, above alle whyte stones?
For ho schynes so schyr that is of schap rounde,
Withouten faut other fylthe yif ho fyn were;
And wax ever in the worlde in weryng so olde,
Yet the perle payres not whyle ho in pyese lasttes
And if hit cheve the chaunce uncherist ho worthe,
That ho blyndes of ble in bour ther ho lygges,
No-bot wasch him wyth wourschyp in wyn as ho askes,
Ho by kynde schal become clever then are;

So if a mortal be defiled ignobly,
 yea, polluted in soul, let him seek shrift ;
 he may purify him by priest and by penance,
 and grow brighter than beryl or clustering pearls.'

' One speck of a spot may deprive us e'en
 of the Sovereign's sight who sitteth on high. . . .
 As the bright burnished beryl ye must be clean,
 that is wholly sound and hath no break ;
 be ye stainless and spotless as a margery pearl.'

Similarly, it would be an easy matter to point out links that bind together the poems of 'Cleanness' and 'Patience.' There is in each of them the same didactic purpose, the same strength of descriptive power, the same delight in nature, more especially when agitated by storm and tempest, the same rich gift of expression and the same diction and rhythm. But if there were any question of the identity of authorship, the following descriptions of the Deluge from 'Cleanness' and of the sea-storm which overtook Jonah from 'Patience' would, I think, be almost adequate proof ; the writer of the one was most certainly the writer of the other.

THE DELUGE, FROM 'CLEANNESS.'

1 ' Then soon came the seventh day, all were assembled,
 and all abode in the hutch, the wild and the tame.
 Then swelled the abyss, and the river-banks rose ;
 each well-head gushed forth in streams full wild,
 and anon no bank was there unburst,
 and the deep-flowing main was reared aloft ;
 many clustering clouds were cleft all asunder ;
 rent was each rain-rift and rushed to the earth ;
 in forty days it ceased not, yea, then the flood rises,

So if folk be defowled by unfre chaunce,
 That he be sulpd in sawle, seche to schryfte
 And he may polyce hym at the prest, by penaunce taken,
 Wel byghter then the beryl other browden perles,' etc.

CLEANNESS, 1110-1132; 551-536.

1 Theenne sone com the seventhe day, when samned wern alle,
 And alle woned in the whichche the wylde and the tame.
 Then boined the abyne and bonkez con ryse,
 Waltes out uch walle-heved, in ful wode stremez,
 Wacs no brymme that abod unbrosten bylyve,
 The mukel lavande loghe to the lyfte rered.
 Mony clustered clowde clef alle in clowtez,
 To-rent uch a rayn-ryfte and rusched to the urthe ;
 Fon never in forty dayez, and then the flod rises

Nowhere for roughness durst it abide,
 when the breeze and the brook and boat then met ;
 'twas a joyless craft that Jonah was in,
 as it reeled around on those rough waves.
 Aft the wave bare it that all its gear burst,
 and the helm and the stern were hurled on a heap.
 First many a rope, and the mast then, was marred ;
 the sail swung on the sea ; the boat then had needs
 to drink the cold water ; then rises the cry ;
 and they cut the cords and cast all thereout.
 Many a lad leapt forth to lade out, to cast,
 and to scoop the cruel water, that fain would escape ;
 for life is aye sweet, be man's lot ne'er so ill.'

'Cleanness' and 'Patience' place their author among the chief of the older epic poets ; they show us more clearly than 'Pearl' that the poet is 'a backward link' to the distant days of Cynewulf ; it is with the Anglo-Saxon epic poets that he must be compared if one is to understand the special properties of these poems. But in one gift he is richer than all his predecessors,—the gift of humour. I cannot instance from earlier English literature any such combination of didactic intensity and grim fancy as the poet at times displays in these small epics. The description of the prophet Jonah's abode in the whale reads for all the world like a page of the *Vera Historica*. I quote it, in part :—

- ¹ 'As a mote in at a minster door, so mighty were its jaws,
 Jonah enters by the gills, through slime and gore ;
 he reeled in through a gullet, that seemed to him a road,
 tumbling about, aye head over heels,

Durst nowhere for rogh arest at the bothem.
 When the breth and the brok and the bote metten,
 Hit wacz a ioyles gyn that Ionas wacz inne,
 For hit reled on roun[d] upon the roge ythes.
 The bur ber to hit baft that braste alle her gere,
 Then hurled on a hepe the helme and the sterne,
 Furst to murte mony rop and the mast after.
 The sayl sweyed on the see, thenne suppe bihoved
 The coge of the colde water, and thenne the cry ryces ;
 Yet corven thay the cordes and kest al ther-oute.
 Mony ladde ther forth-lep to lave and to kest,
 Scopen out the scathel water, that fayn scape wolde ;
 For be monnes lode never so luther, the lyf is ayswete.

PATIENCE, 136-156.

- ¹ As mote in at a munster dor, so mukel wern his chawlez,
 He glydes in by the giles, thurgh glaymande glette,
 Relande in by a rop, a rode that hym thoght,
 Ay hele over hed, hourlande aboute,

till he staggers to a place as broad as a hall ;
 then he fixes his feet there and gropes all about,
 and stands up in its belly, that stank as the devil ;
 in sorry plight there, 'mid grease that savoured as he
 his bower was arrayed, who would fain risk no ill.
 Then he lurks there and seeks in each nook of the nave
 the best sheltered spot, yet nowhere he finds
 rest or recovery, but filthy mire
 wherever he goes ; but God is ever dear ;
 and he tarried at length and called to the Prince. . . .
 Then he reached a nook and held himself there,
 where no foul filth encumbered him about.
 He sat there as safe, save for darkness alone,
 as in the boat's stern, where he had slept ere.
 Thus, in the beast's bowel, he abides there alive,
 three days and three nights, thinking aye on the Lord,
 His might and His mercy and His measure eke ;
 now he knows Him in woe, who could not in weal.
 And onward rolls the whale through deep wild-seas,
 through many rough regions, in stubborn will,
 for, though that mote in its maw was small,
 that monster grew sickish at heart, I trow,
 and worried the wight. And Jonah aye heard
 the huge flood as it lashed the whale's back and its sides.'

Til he blunt in a blok as brod as a halle ;
 And ther he festnes the fete and fathmeze aboute,
 And stod up in his stomak, that stank as the devel ;
 Ther in saym and in sorghe that savoured as helle,
 Ther wacz bylded his bour, that wyl no bale suffer ;
 And thenne he lurkkes and laytes where wacz le best,
 In uche a nok of his navel, bot nowhere he fyndez
 No rest ne recoverer, bot ramelande myre,
 In wych gut so ever he gocez ; bot ever is god swete ;
 And ther he lenged at the last and to the lede called.

With that he hitte to a hyrne and helde hym ther-inne,
 Ther no de-foule of no fylthe wacz fest hym abute ;
 Ther he sete also sounde, saf for merk one,
 As in the bulk of the bote, ther he by-fore sleped.
 So in a bouel of that best he bidez on lyve,
 Thre dayes and th[r]e nyght ay thenkande on dryghtyn,
 His myght and his merci, his mesure thenne ;
 Now he knawez hym in care that couthe not in sele.
 Ande ever walteres this whal bi wyldren depe,
 Thurgh mony a regioun ful roghe, thurgh ronk of his wylle,
 For that mote in his mawe mad hym, I trowe,
 Thagh hit lyttel were, hym wyth to wamel at his hert,
 Ande assayled the segge ; ay sykerly he herde
 The bygge borne on his bak and bete on his sydes.

PATIENCE, 268-282 ; 289-302.

A fourth poem follows 'Cleanness' and 'Patience' in the MS. of 'Pearl.' As one turns the leaves it becomes clear at a glance that the metre of the poem is a strange combination of the epic alliterative measure and the rhyming verse of romances of the 'Sir Thopas' type. A lyrical burden, introduced by a short verse of one accent, and rhyming according to the scheme *a b a b a*, breaks the monotony of the poem at irregular intervals, and evidently marks the various stages of the narrative. The metre may perhaps best be described as the blending of the stately rhythm of 'Cleanness' and 'Patience' with the lyrical strain of the 'Pearl,' as may be seen from the following lines, which I select as an illustration of the strophic form of the poem :—

Bi a mounte on the morne meryly he rydes,
 Into a forest full dep, that ferly wacz wyld,
 Highe hillez on uche a halve, and holt wodez under,
 Of hore okez ful hoge a hundreth to-geder ;
 The hasel and the hagh-thorne were harled all samen,
 With roghe raged mosse rayled ay-where,
 With mony bryddez unblithe upon bare twyges.
 That pitously ther piped for pyne of the cold.
 The gome upon Gryngolet glydez hem under,
 Thurgh mony misy and myre, mon al hym one,
 Carande for his costes, lest he ne kever schulde,
 To se the servy(ce) of that syre, that on that self nyght.
 Of a burde wacz borne, our baret to quelle ;
 And therefore sykyng be sayde, I be-seche the, Lorde,
 And Mary, that is myldest moder so dere,
 Of sum herber, ther heghly I myght here masse
 And thy matynes to morne, mekely I ask,
 And herto prestly I pray my pater and ave and crede.
 He rode in his prayere,
 And cryed for his mysdede,
 He sayned hym in sythes sere,
 And said 'cros Kryst me spede.'¹

The poem is similarly illustrated as those that precede it, but the scriptural pictures yield here to scenes of medieval romance. In the first a headless knight on horseback carries his head by its hair in his right hand, looking benignly at an odd-eyed bill-man before him ; while

¹ 'Gawain,' 760-762 : see modern rendering, p. xxxvii.

from a raised structure above him a king, armed with a knife, his queen, an attendant with a sabre, and another bill-man look on. This picture precedes the poem; three others, dealing with various episodes of the story, are added at the end; one of them represents a stolen interview between a lady and a knight. Above the picture is written the following couplet:—

‘Mi mind is mukel on on, that wil me noght amende,
Sum time was trewe as ston, and fro schame couthe her defende.’¹

The couplet has hitherto proved a crux. ‘It does not appear,’ wrote Sir Frederick Madden, ‘how these lines apply to the painting’; Dr. Morris quotes the remark without comment. We shall see the peculiar value of the mysterious words later on. But first concerning the subject of the poem. It is a romance dealing with a weird adventure that befell Sir Gawain, the son of Loth, and nephew of King Arthur, a favourite hero of medieval romance, popular more especially in the west and northern parts of England, where in all probability traditions of the knight lived on from early times. The English Gawain literature of the fourteenth century, though for the most part derived from French originals, betrays on all sides the writer’s eagerness to satisfy popular enthusiasm for the hero’s ideal character. Sir Gawain was indeed the Sir Calydore of the early English Spensers,

‘beloved over all,
In whom it seems, that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall,
To which he adding comely guise withall
And gracious speech did steal men’s hearts away.
Nathless thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approved in batteilous affray,
That did him much renowne, and far his fame display.’²

For the fourteenth-century poets of the West of England, Gawain, ‘the falcon of the month of May,’³ was the traditional type and embodiment of all that was chivalrous and knightly. The depreciation of the

¹ ‘My mind is much on one, who will not console me,
Once she was true as stone, and from shame could her defend.’

² ‘Faerie Queen,’ vi., 1-2. See Sir Frederick Madden’s ‘Sir Gawain’ (Bannatyne Club, 1839).

³ Professor Rhys’s derivation; see ‘Studies in Arthurian Romance.’

hero in later English literature was doubtless due to the direct influence of one particular class of French romances, but it is from these very romances that modern Englishmen ultimately derive their view of Gawain's character. 'Light was Gawain in life, and light in death,' is the thought that rises now in every English mind at mention of the hero's name. I know but one passage in the whole of early English poetry where the knight is similarly characterised ; it is significantly by an East-Midland poet, probably the last of English men of letters to write in Anglo-French. In one of his Anglo-French ballades the 'moral' Gower, singing in praise of truest constancy, declares :—

' Cil qui tout ditz change sa fortune,
Et ne voet estre en un soul lieu certain
Om le poet bien ressembler a Gawain,
Courtois d'amour, mais il fuist trop volage.'¹

During the second half of the fourteenth century there was special activity in the western districts of England in the making of Gawain romances, the poets vying with each other in their glorification of the hero. There was, I think, special reason for this, and I dwell on the fact because of its important bearing on the date of the poems under consideration. To put the matter as briefly as possible, I suggest an intimate connection between these romances and the foundation of the Order of the Garter. Gawain being regarded as the ideal Arthurian knight, the poets of the latter half of the fourteenth century found in the story of his adventure with the Green Knight an Arthurian origin for the badge of King Edward's 'Knights of the Table Round.' This adventure forms the subject of the fourth poem contained in 'Cotton, Nero, A. x.,' and it is to certain episodes of the story that the quaint illustrations described above have reference. The fullest analysis would not do justice to the merit of the romance ; but for the present argument it is necessary to give a short account of the facts of the story.

Arthur holds the Christmas feast at Camelot ; there is a noble company of knights and ladies with him ; the feast lasts fifteen days. New Year is solemnised with greatest mirth. Lords and ladies are seated at table ; Queen Guenever is there, and Gawayne and Ywain and many

¹ Gower's 'Traité pour ensampler les amantz marietz ;' No. xvii. ; ed. Stengel ; Marburg, 1886.

more. Arthur is not seated; he is in mood as joyful as a child; he will not eat, nor sit at the table, until he has witnessed or heard some wondrous adventure. He has not long to wait. After the first course has been served, a noise is heard in the hall. A huge knight rushes in, clad all in green, and riding on a green foal, with long wavy hair, and with a great beard like a bush. His quest is to seek out the most valiant of the knights of the Round Table. He has not come to fight, but merely to test. 'I seek no fighting. Hereabout on this bench are only beardless children. Were I arrayed in arms, on a high steed, no man here would be a match for me. But it is now Christmas-time, and this is the New Year, and I see around me many brave ones; if any be so bold as to strike one stroke for another, I shall give him this rich axe to do with it whatever he pleases. I shall abide the first blow as here I sit, and will stand him a stroke, stiff on this floor, provided that I deal him another in return, but yet give I him respite a twelvemonth and a day.' He taunts Arthur and the knights with cowardice. Sir Gawayne asks the King to let him take on himself the encounter. The King consents. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight meet, but before the blow is dealt Gawayne has to swear that he will seek out the Green Knight, wheresoever on earth he is to be found, that day a year hence. Gawayne raises the axe and severs the head of the knight, so that it rolls along the hall. The Green Knight neither falters nor falls, but fiercely rushes forward, lifts his head up, and mounts again. He sits in the saddle as if no mishap had befallen him. The head raises its eyelids and addresses Sir Gawayne: 'Look to it, Gawayne, that thou be prompt as thou hast promised, and that thou seek until thou find me, according to the promise thou hast made in the hearing of these knights. Make for the Green Chapel, and fetch for thyself e'en such a blow as thou hast dealt, on the coming New Year's morn. Come thou, or be called recreant.' He then rushes out of the hall, head in hand.

The months pass; on Allhallows day a farewell feast is prepared for Gawayne. On the morrow he is arrayed for his journey, hears Mass, and takes leave of Arthur, the knights, and the ladies of the Court. There is much weeping as he departs, perhaps never to return. He travels far from Camelot in Somersetshire to Wirral in Cheshire without finding any one able to tell him aught of Green Chapel or Green Knight. The journey is a perilous one, what with serpents, wolves, bulls, bears, and

wild boars, as well as satyrs and giants. But worse than these terrors is the cold winter, with its rain and snow and sleet, that nearly slays him as he sleeps in his armour on the naked rocks. Christmas Eve finds him still in the same sad plight. He prays to the Virgin for direction.

‘O’er a mound on the morrow he merrily rides
into a forest full deep and wondrously wild ;
high hills on each side andholt-woods beneath,
with huge hoary oaks, a hundred together ;
hasel and hawthorn hung clustering there,
with rough ragged moss o’ergrown all around ;
unblithe, on bare twigs, sang many a bird,
piteously piping for pain of the cold.
Under them Gawayne on Gringolet glideth
through marsh and through mire, a mortal full lonesome,
cumbered with care, lest ne’er he should come
to that Sire’s service, who on that same night
was born of a bride to vanquish our bale.
Wherefore sighing he said : “ I beseech Thee, O Lord,
and Mary, thou mildest mother so dear !
some homestead, where holily I may hear mass
and matins tomorrow, full meekly I ask ;
thereto promptly I pray pater, ave, and creed.”
He rode on in his prayer,
And cried for each misdeed ;
He crossed him oftimes there,
And said : “ Christ’s cross me speed ! ”’

He has crossed himself but thrice, when, lo ! he sees on a hill the loveliest castle he has ever beheld. It shines as the sun through the oaks that surround it. He makes for the chief gate, but the drawbridge is up. A warder appears on the wall in answer to his summons, and after some parleying the drawbridge is let down, and the gates are opened, and the knight receives a hearty welcome from the lord of the castle. He is treated right royally ; and even more so, when he has told his name. ‘ Now we shall see courteous manners and hear noble speech, for we have amongst us the “ father of nurture.” ’ After the dinner they all go to the chapel to hear the even-song of the great season. The lady of the castle comes also to the service ; she appears even fairer than Guenever ; an ancient dame accompanies her. With permission of the lord, Sir Gawayne salutes the elder with a low bow and

kisses the lady. They leave the chapel and spend the evening in mirth and good cheer till night approaches, when Sir Gawayne retires to rest. At the end of the Christmas festival the guests take their departure from the castle. Sir Gawayne bids his host farewell, but the lord endeavours to keep him at his court. Sir Gawayne tells him the cause of his journey, and asks whether he knows aught of the Green Chapel, for he must needs be there on New Year's Day. His host explains that the Green Chapel is but two miles from the castle; if he leaves on New Year's morn, he'll be there soon enough. Gawayne consents to remain, and the day passes merrily. The lord of the castle persuades him to lie abed on the morrow, during the time of mass, and then to go to meat with his fair hostess; he himself intends to ride out a-hunting; he proposes to Gawayne jocosely that on his return they should exchange what each has gained during the morning hours. Gawayne yields and retires for the night. Gawayne is awoke on the morrow by a gentle noise. A lady, the loveliest to behold, enters softly; he recognises his hostess. She is deeply enamoured of him, but Gawayne remains true to knightly courtesy, and resists the lady's charms; with a kiss she leaves him. The lord of the castle returns; he gives Sir Gawayne his venison, and Gawayne gives him a 'comely kiss' in return. 'Good,' said the lord, 'but 'twere better if ye told me where ye have gotten such weal.' 'That's no part of our covenant,' said Gawayne. Next day the lady again tempts Sir Gawayne; and he is again successful in resisting her advances; she parts from him with two kisses. The lord returns from a boar-hunt, and an exchange is again made as on the previous day. Yet a third time Gawayne is tempted and does not sin. The lady this time parts from him with three kisses, but before she leaves she asks him for some token, but he has nought to give. She begs him to take from her a golden ring; he refuses the gift; she then offers him her girdle of green silk, he refuses also this; she then tells him its virtue, 'He who is girded with this green lace cannot be wounded or slain.' Gawayne thinks of his adventure at the Green Chapel, and consents not only to take the girdle but also to keep the possession of it a secret. The lord returns from a fox-hunt; he finds Gawayne amusing the ladies. Gawayne rises and kisses him thrice. 'By Christ,' says the other, 'ye have had much bliss! I have hunted all day and have got nothing but the skin of this foul fox, a poor reward for three such kisses.' With

mirth and minstrelsy they make merry till the time comes for them to part ; Gawayne is to leave the castle next morning. He is up betimes, and arrays himself in his rich armour, nor does he forget the lady's lace, with which he doubly girds his loins. He wears it not for its rich ornament, but to save himself, 'when it behoved him to suffer,' and to protect him against sword or knife. He thanks his host and hostess for their kindness, commends the castle to Christ, and departs. A servant accompanies him to show him the way to the terrible place. They climb the hills and journey through snow and mist till the next morn, when they reach a high hill ; they are now not far from the chapel. The servant tells Gawayne of the dangers awaiting him, and tries ineffectually to turn him from his purpose. Gawayne journeys on alone, but sees no chapel in the dale. At length he espies a round hill on the bank of a stream ; it is covered with turf and has three entrances, and is hollow within. He walks about the hill, debating what it might be ; suddenly he hears a terrible noise ; it clattered in the cliff like the grinding of a scythe on a grindstone ; it whirrs like the water at a mill, and rushes and re-echoes terrible to hear. Then the Green Knight with a new axe springs forth from a hole in the crag. Leaning on his axe he hops over the stream and approaches Sir Gawayne ; he praises him for keeping his promise, and is anxious to pay back the blow that Gawayne had dealt him the year before. Gawayne offers his neck, and the Green Knight raises his axe aloft, as if he meant utterly to destroy him, but as the axe is falling Gawayne's shoulder shrinks a little. 'This is not the brave Gawayne,' said the knight. 'I flinched,' says Gawayne, 'but I will not flinch again.' He stands as firm as a rock. The knight raises the axe a second time, but pauses again. 'Smite,' said Sir Gawayne, 'thou threatenest too long ; I believe thine own heart fails thee.' 'Forsooth,' answers the other, 'since thou speakest so boldly, I will hinder thy fate no longer.' Then the Green Knight bends his brows and fiercely raises his axe for the third time, but though the axe falls on Gawayne's neck, his wound is but slight. When he sees his blood on the snow, Gawayne quickly seizes his helmet, draws his sword, and bids the Green Knight cease. 'Our covenant was but for one stroke ; if thou givest me more I will requite it.'

Then the Green Knight, resting on his axe, looks on Sir Gawayne, bold and fearless as he stood there, and with a loud voice addresses the

knight thus : 'Bold knight, be not so wroth ; no man here has wronged thee. I promised thee a stroke, and thou hast it, so hold thee well pleased. I could have dealt much worse with thee, and caused thee much sorrow. Two blows I aimed at thee, for twice thou kissedst my fair wife ; but I struck thee not, because thou restoredst them to me according to agreement. At the third time thou failedst, and therefore I have given thee that tap. That woven girdle which thou wearest, my own wife wove it, I know it well ; I know well, too, thy kisses and thy trials, and the wooing of my wife ; I wrought it myself. I sent her to tempt thee, and methinks thou art the most faultless hero that ever trod the earth. As pearls are of more price than white peas, so is Gawayne of more price than other gay knights. But thou hast sinned a little ; a little thou hast broken faith ; yet it was not for lust, but because thou lovedst thy life ; hence I blame thee less.' Gawayne stands aghast, the blood rushed into his face and he shrank within himself for very shame. He takes off the girdle, and throws it to the knight. 'Cowardice,' exclaims he, 'taught me to accord with covetousness and to forsake my nature. The Green Knight laughingly replies : 'Thou hast made so clean a confession, that I hold thee as pure as if thou hadst never been guilty. I give thee the gold-hemmed girdle as a token of thy adventure at the Green Chapel. Come back to my castle, and finish the New Year's feast.' 'Nay, forsooth, for your kindness may God requite you ; commend me to your comely wife, who with her crafts has beguiled me. 'Tis no uncommon thing for a man to come to sorrow through woman's wiles ; so it befell Adam, and Solomon, Samson, and David. It were indeed great bliss to love them well and believe them not. God reward you for your girdle ; I will ever wear it in remembrance of my fault, and when pride shall exalt me, a look to this love-lace shall lessen it. But since thou art lord of the land I will ask thee but one question—tell me thy right name, and then no more.' He answers that his name is Bernlac de Hautdesert. The contriver of this enchantment is Morgan la Fay, Arthur's half-sister, who wished to try the knights and frighten Guenever to death by means of him that spoke with head in hand before the high table. She is the old dame whom Gawayne saw at the Castle. 'She is thine aunt, come back and see her ; all my household love thee for thy great truth.' But Gawayne declines, and returns with all speed to the court of King Arthur. Great

was the joy of all at his return. Gawayne tells his adventures, and shows the girdle, and the cut in his neck, and groans for grief and shame. 'Lo !' says he, 'this is the band of blame, a token of my cowardice and covetousness. I must needs wear it as long as I live.' The King and the courtiers comfort the knight ; they laugh loudly thereat, and lovingly agree that all the lords and ladies of the Round Table should wear a bright green lace, in token of this adventure, and in honour of Gawayne. And evermore the badge was deemed the glory of the Round Table, and he that had it was held in honour.

The story of Gawain's adventure with the wife of the Green Knight seems to me to point unmistakeably to King Edward's adventure with the Countess of Salisbury, as told by Froissart,¹ and as dramatised in the quasi-Shakespearian play of 'Edward III.' It was but natural that contemporary poets should reverse the situations, and change the doting monarch into the knight *sans reproche*, with 'harmless heart where honour was engraved.' The fact is clear that there is some connection between the romance of Gawain and the romantic origin of the Order of the Garter—'a great effect grown of a slender cause,'—for at the end of the MS. of the romance a somewhat later hand has written the famous legend of the Order :—

' Hony soit qui mal [y] penc.'

There is, however, stronger confirmation of this new view of the poem. A later poet, to whom we are indebted for a ballad of 'The Green Knight,'—a *rifacimento* of this romance, or of some intermediate form of it,—has used the same story to account for the origin of another order. Evidently aware of its original application, but wishing to make his ballad topical, he ends his with the following reference to the Knighthood of the Bath, then newly instituted :—

All the court was full faine
 Alive when they saw Sir Gawain,
 They thanked God abone ;
 That is the matter and the case,
 Why Knights of the Bath wear the lace,
 Until they have wonnen their shoon.

¹ See chapters 76, 77, also Beltz, 'Order of the Garter' (Preface).

Or else a ladye of high estate,
 From about his necke shall it take
 For the doughtye deeds that hee hath done;
 It was confirmed by Arthur the King,
 Thorow Sir Gawain's desiringe,
 The King granted him his boone.¹

This theory gives us, then, a *terminus a quo* for the date of the romance of Gawain; it must belong to some year later than 1345, the probable date of the foundation of the Order of the Garter, and seeing that a number of Gawain romances belong to the sixties and seventies of the fourteenth century, the poem may reasonably be dated somewhere about 1360. This is the sole piece of evidence as yet discovered for the date of any of the four poems contained in the MS. of 'Pearl,' and it bears importantly on the date of the three preceding poems, for Gawain is unmistakeably by the same author.² Language, diction, thought, rhythm, power of description, moral teaching, vividness of fancy, artistic consciousness, and love of nature, all link this most remarkable Spenserian romance to 'Pearl,' 'Cleanness,' and 'Patience,'³ and for a right understanding of the poet and his work the four poems must be treated together. The relation that they bear to one another, as regards time of composition, cannot be definitely determined, but judging by parallelism of expression in 'Gawain' and 'Pearl,' it is clear that the poet passed at once from the former to the latter, or *vice versa*.

¹ See 'Percy Ballads.' In the catalogue of books belonging to John Paston mention is made of 'The Green Knight.' It is questionable whether this is the Gawain Romance, or some version intermediate between it and the ballad; there is much to be said in favour of the latter view.

² Dr. Trautmann has pointed out as evidence of the influence of 'Piers le Plowman' certain passages in 'Cleanness' and 'Patience': from this evidence he concludes that the poems belong to a period after 1362. Miss Thomas, in her Zürich dissertation, goes still further: noting that these parallels are derived from the second edition of 'Piers le Plowman,' she gives 1377 as the *terminus a quo* for 'Cleanness' and 'Patience.' I attach no importance to the evidence. It is not very remarkable for two poets to have written the following without plagiarising:—

'I herde on a halyday at a hyghe mass.'—PATIENCE, 9.

'In halydayes at holichirche whan ich herde masse.'—PIERS PLOWMAN, xiii, 384.

³ The poet indulges too in his favourite simile, but only once:—

'As perle bi the quite pese is of prys more
 So is Gawayn, in god fayth, bi other gay knightes.'

'As the pearl is of greater price than white peas,
 So is Gawain, in good faith, than other gay knights.'

And who was the poet to whom English literature is indebted for these remarkable poems? The question must, I fear, remain unanswered; unfortunately no tradition concerning their authorship has come down to us, and no definite link has as yet been discovered connecting the poems with any name. Some fifty years back, Dr. Guest, the historian of English Rhythms, set up a claim for a Scotch poet, Huchown by name, but the claim cannot stand the test of philological analysis, however strong the circumstantial evidence in its favour.¹ The story of Huchown's supposed connection with the poems is an interesting piece of literary history. Andrew of Wyntown, in his 'Orygynale Cronykil' of Scotland, written at the end of the fourteenth century, mentions a poet, Huchown of the 'Awle Ryale,'² who in his 'Gest Hystoriale'

'Called Lucius Hiberius Emperoure,
When King of Britain was Arthoure.'

The chronicler excuses the poet, for the mistake was not originally his, and adds enthusiastically :—

'. . . men off gud dyscretiówne
Suld excuse and love Huchówne,
That cunnand was in literature.
He made the gret Geste of Arthúre
And the Awntyre of Gawdne,
The Pystyll als off Swete Susdne.
He wes curyws in his style,
Fayre off fecund, and subtylle,
And ay to plesans and delyte
Made in metyre mete his dyte,
Lytil or nocht nevyrtheles
Waverand fra the suthfastnes.'

Huchown was therefore the author of an 'Adventure of Gawane.' Is the poem referred to identical with the 'Gawain' poem described above,

¹ A writer in the *Scottish Review*, 1888, has attempted to revive Huchown's claim; his article adds nothing to the discussion. 'Pearl' is described as 'written in 1211 lines of iambic tetrameter and divided into 21 stanzas, each of about 60 lines in length. The lines are rhymed alternately, and the same pair of rhymes is often sustained throughout the whole stanza, and seldom restricted to the quatrain by which it is introduced.' Patriotic zeal may atone for much.

² i.e. 'Of the Royal Palace.' If, as is probable, Huchown is identical with Sir Hugh of Eglinton, the description refers to his connection with the Royal Family of

the romance written by the author of 'Pearl'? Most certainly not. The 'Pystyll of Susan' mentioned by Wyntoun is extant;¹ all are agreed in regarding it as Huchown's work; it is a rhyming poem, and therefore of special worth as a criterion of dialect. The result of a comparative study of this poem and of 'Pearl' proves conclusively that they are in different dialects, the one belonging to a district north of the Tweed, the other to some West-Midland shire. 'Pearl' cannot, therefore, be the work of the poet of the 'Pystyll'; and if this is true of 'Pearl,' it is equally true of 'Gawain.' It is, moreover, very probable that Huchown's 'Awntyre of Gawane' is preserved to us, together with that writer's 'Geste of Arthur,' in the alliterative Arthurian poem edited by Mr. Perry from a unique MS. in Lincoln Cathedral. Dr. Trautmann has shown almost conclusively that this one poem, 'The Morte Arthur,' answers Wyntoun's description of Huchown's twofold work 'The Geste of Arthur and the Awntyre of Gawane,' and that, as far as diction is concerned, it is most closely connected with the 'Pystyll of Susane.'²

Dr. Guest rested his claims for Huchown not merely on this passage from Wyntoun's Chronicle. In the blank space at the head of 'Gawain and the Green Knight,' a hand of the fifteenth century has written 'Hugo de —,' and this piece of evidence seemed to him to confirm his view of the authorship of the poem. In the first place, it is not certain that the inscription is intended for the name of the author, but even had we clear proof that 'Hugo de aula regali' was to be read, the conclusion, from internal evidence, would be forced upon us, that the writer had made a mistake by no means uncommon in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The great names of literature have always been made the official fathers of unclaimed productions. It would be easy enough to illustrate this from the pseudo-Chaucerian poems, but an interesting

Scotland, for Sir Hugh married a sister of Robert II. Dunbar, in his 'Lament for the Makers,' makes special reference to him:—

'The good Sir Hugh of Eglintoun,
And eke Heriot, and Wyntoun,
He (*i. e.* Death) has ta'en out of this countrie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.'

He died about 1381. ['Huchown'—'Hugonem,' and is therefore merely a variant form of 'Hugh.']

¹ Printed by Laing in his 'Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland.'

² 'Der Dichter Huchown und seine Werke.' 'Anglia,' vol. i.

parallel may be adduced from the literary history of Huchown's great contemporary, Barbour. In the Cambridge University Library there is a MS. of Lydgate's 'Troy Book'; some portion of Lydgate's work has been lost and is replaced by extracts from a version by a Northern poet; the scribe has definitely assigned these inserted passages to Barbour merely on the evidence of a general likeness in style, but minute investigation places it beyond doubt that the fragments are not from the pen of the author of the 'Bruce'.¹

The works of five individual poets have, at different times, been fathered on Huchown;² of these works some are undoubtedly West-Midland, others genuinely Scottish, but all of them belong to the great period of alliterative poetry, the second half of the fourteenth century, and show the influence of that school of English poets that strove on the one hand to revive the old English measure, and on the other to combine this archaic rhythm with the most complex of Romance metres. In the fifteenth century the tradition of this West-Midland influence still lived on north of the Tweed, but the greatest of Scottish bards turned to the East-Midland poets for their forms, and, following the example of their poet-king, were fascinated by the irresistible spell of Chaucer's genius. This influence of the great English poet on the chief poets of Scotland has received abundant recognition; not so the earlier influence of the West-Midland poets, whose best representative is the nameless author of 'Pearl.'

¹ See Prof. Skeat's Preface to his edition of the 'Bruce' (Early English Text Society).

² The poems may be divided into the following five divisions:—'Susan and Morte Arthur,' the genuine work of Huchown; 'Golagros and Gawane'; 'Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight,' and 'Pearl,' etc.; 'The Destruction of Troy'; 'The Auntes of Arthur at the Tarnewathelan.' Probably the first two divisions alone belong to Scotland. Prof. Trautmann (in 'Anglia,' vol. v. Appendix, p. 24) assigns the poem 'De Erkenwalde' (in Horstmann's 'Altenglische Legenden,' 2d Series) to our poet on the strength of diction and metre. I do not think that the evidence is at all conclusive. I miss the peculiar strength of the author of 'Gawain.' The writer was evidently an enthusiastic disciple, but not the master himself. Judged by some remarkable parallels in diction, 'The Wars of Alexander' (edited by Prof. Skeat) seems also to have been written by one who knew 'Cleanness' and 'Patience' and 'Gawain.' In the Vernon MS., and Lambeth MS. 853, (see 'Hymns to the Virgin and Christ,' edited by Dr. Furnivall, Early English Text Society, 1867), there are many short poems in the same metre as 'Pearl'; it is questionable, however, whether their form is directly derived from our poem; they all belong to the latter part of the fourteenth century.

But though he be nameless, the poet's personality is so vividly impressed on his work, that his editor may be forgiven the somewhat hazardous task of attempting to evolve an account of his earlier life from mere conjecture and inference. If documentary evidence is ever discovered, it may perhaps corroborate the hypothetical biography of the author of 'Pearl' here presented to the reader with all due reservation :—

The poet was born about 1330. His birthplace was somewhere in Lancashire, or perhaps a little to the north, but under no circumstances in any district beyond the Tweed. The evidence of dialect proves this abundantly.¹ Additional testimony may be found in the descriptions of natural scenery in 'Gawain,' 'Cleanness,' and 'Patience.' The wild solitudes of the Cambrian coast, near his native home, seem to have had special attraction for him. Like a later and greater poet, he must already as a youth have felt the subtle spell of Nature's varying aspects in those West-Midland parts; he, too, loved to contemplate, even in his childhood,

' The Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth ! The Visions of the hills
And Souls of lonely places !'

Wordsworth's country may perhaps justly claim our poet as one of its sons.

Concerning the condition of life to which the boy belonged we know nothing definite, but I am inclined to infer that his father was closely connected, in some official capacity, with a family of high rank, and that it was amid the gay scenes that brightened life in some great castle that the poet's earliest years were passed. In later life he loved to picture this home, with its battlements and towers, its stately hall and spacious parks. There too, perhaps, the minstrels' tales of chivalry first revealed to him the weird world of Medieval Romance, and made him yearn to gain for himself a worthy place among a noble band of con-

¹ The prevailing inflexions are certainly West-Midland; *en* as the sign of the present tense, pl. indic.; *es* in the second and third pers. sing.; *ho* = she; *hit* = its. At the same time the poet allows himself the licence of occasionally using inflexions belonging to a more northern dialect,—*es* for the first pers. sing. pres. indic., as well as for the plur. pres. indic.; but the instances are very few. The diction and phonology lead to the same conclusion.

temporary English poets, whose memory is now, for the most part, lost to us for ever.

The old English poets were certainly his masters in poetic art, and although he had read the 'Romaunt of the Rose,'¹ and the chief products of early French literature,² their influence was slight as far as the general tone of his poetry is concerned. It is a significant fact that the poet's only direct reference to the 'Romaunt' speaks of 'Clopyngel's *clene* Rose.' Indeed, the intensely religious spirit of the poems, together with the knowledge they everywhere display of Holy Writ, leads one to suppose that the youth was at first destined for the service of the Church; he probably became a 'clerk,' studying sacred and profane literature at some monastic school, or at one of the universities. Like Langland, he received the first tonsure only; the author of 'Pearl' was certainly no priest.

The four poems preserved in the Cottonian collection seem to have belonged to an eventful and critical period of the poet's life. 'Gawain,' the earliest of the four, written probably for some special occasion, and, in honour of some nobleman, perhaps the generous patron to whose household the poet was attached, is remarkable for the evidence it contains of the writer's minute knowledge of the 'gentle science of woodcraft,' and of all that pertained to the higher social life of that time. He has introduced into his romance elaborate descriptions of how a knight was armed, and of how the deer, the boar, and the fox were severally hunted; from his evident enthusiasm it is clear that he wrote from personal experience of the pleasures of the chase, and that he was accustomed to the courtly life described by him.

Two or three years before the date of 'Gawain' the poet had married; his wedded life was unhappy; the idealised object of his love had disappointed him, and it is to be feared had proved unfaithful. He had passed through this terrible trial before 'Gawain' was written. The poet was, I think, speaking for himself when he made his knight exclaim: 'It is no marvel for a man to come to sorrow through women's wiles; so was Adam beguiled, and Solomon and Samson and David,

¹ Stanza 63 of 'Pearl' was derived from a passage in the 'Romaunt'; to the same passage Chaucer is indebted for his description of Virginia at the beginning of the Doctor's Tale (see Méon's 'Romaunt,' l. 16379, etc.).

² e.g. the *Perceval* of Crestien de Troyes, the source of 'Gawain.'

and many more. *It were indeed great bliss for a man to love them well and believe them not—if one but could.*¹

'Gawain' is the story of a noble knight triumphing over sore temptations that beset his vows of chastity. How often, while drawing this ideal picture, did the poet's thoughts recur to the saddest reality of his own life! He must have keenly felt the strange contrast. In a musing mood he wrote in the blank space at the head of one of the illustrations in his MS. the suggestive couplet:—

'My mind is much on one, who will not console me;
Sometime she was true as stone, and from shame could her defend.'²

Yet his wedded life had brought him one great happiness—an only child, a daughter, on whom he lavished all the wealth of his love and tenderness. He named the child 'Marjory' or 'Marguerite'; she was his 'pearl,'—his emblem of holiness and innocence. But his happiness was shortlived; before two years had passed the poet's home was desolate. His grief found expression in verse; a heavenly vision of his lost jewel brought him comfort and taught him resignation. On the child's grave he placed a garland of song, blooming yet, after the lapse of five hundred years.³

With the loss of his dearest possession a blight seems to have fallen on the poet's life, and even poetry seems gradually to have lost its charm for him. The minstrel of 'Gawain' became the stern moralist of 'Cleanness' and 'Patience.' Other troubles, too, seem to have befallen him during the years that intervened between the writing of the former and the latter of these companion poems. 'Patience' seems to us to be almost as autobiographical as 'Pearl.' The poet is evidently preaching to himself the lesson of fortitude and hope amid misery, pain, and poverty. Something had evidently happened to deprive him even of the

¹ See 'Gawain,' ll. 2414-2422; (I have condensed the passage).

² See *supra*, p. xxxiv. I take it that the Cottonian MS. is ultimately derived from an illuminated copy of the Romance in the poet's possession. The couplet, combining as it does alliteration and rhyme, is characteristic of the poet.

³ It is noteworthy that throughout the poem there is no single reference, such as one might expect, to the mother of the child. The poet's first words when he beholds his transfigured 'Pearl' are significant:—

'O Pearl,' quoth I,

'Art thou my Pearl that I have playned,

Regretted by myn one.' (See stanza 21 and note on l. 3.)

This is consistent with my theory concerning the poet's married life.

means of subsistence. 'Poverty and Patience,' he exclaims, 'are needs playfellows' :—

' Be bold and be patient, in pain and in joy,
for he that rends his clothes too rashly
must sit anon in worse o sew them together.
Wherefore when poverty presses me and pains enow,
calmly in sufferance it behoves me be patient ;
despite penance and pain, to prove to men's sight
that patience is a noble point, though it oft displease. '1

'Cleanness' and 'Patience' were probably written not long after the 'Pearl.' But the numerous references in these two poems to the sea lead me to infer that the poet may have sought distraction in travels, and may have weathered the fierce tempests he describes. His wanderings may have even brought him to the Holy City whose heavenly prototype he discerned in the visionary scenes of 'Pearl.'

We take leave of the poet while he is still in the prime of life ; we have no material on which to base even a conjecture as to his future. Perhaps he turned from Poetry and gave himself entirely to Theology always with him a favourite study, or to Philosophy, at that time so closely linked with the vital questions at issue concerning faith and belief. If the poet took any part in the Church controversies then beginning to trouble men's minds, his attitude would have been in the main conservative. Full of intense hatred towards all forms of vice, especially immorality, he would have spoken out boldly against ignoble priests and friars, and all such servants of the Church, who, preaching righteousness, lived unrighteously. But whatever his views towards the religious orders, his allegiance to the authority of the Church, to Papal supremacy, and to the doctrine of Rome, would have brought him most surely into active hostility with Wiclif and his partisans.

It is indeed remarkable that no tradition has been handed down to us concerning this most distinguished of fourteenth-century writers ; it can only be accounted for by the fact that, in the first place, his instrument of expression was regarded as archaic by the generality of cultured Englishmen, and, in the second place, that the bulk of his poetry was small as compared with the writings of his great contemporaries. Langland was indeed the only West-Midland poet who gained any-

¹ 'Patience,' l. 45, and ll. 524-531.

thing approaching national recognition and escaped the oblivion of mere local fame. Nevertheless, one must not despair of solving this most complex problem of the poet's personality. Indeed, of one fourteenth-century writer, whose name and Latin writings are preserved, it is recorded that during his youth and early manhood he was an ardent wooer of the Muses, and that his fame rested on a poem described as an 'Elegy' and a 'Vision.' Our knowledge of this writer is mainly due to the happy chance that Chaucer was his friend and admirer, and dedicated to him no less important a poem than his 'Troilus and Creseide':—

' O moral Gower this book I direct
To thee and to the *Philosophical Strode*,
To vouchsafe there need is for to correct,
To your benignities and zelis good.'

The antiquary Leland was the first to inquire concerning the second of the two names held in such esteem by Chaucer. In an old catalogue of worthies of Merton College,¹ drawn up in the early years of the fifteenth century, and still preserved in the College muniment room, he discovered the following most valuable reference:—

' Radulphus Strode, nobilis poeta fuit et versificavit librum
elegiacum vocatum Phantasma Radulphi.'

This Ralph Strode is identical with the famous philosopher of that name whose philosophical works hold an important place in the history of medieval logic.² He was also famous in his time as a controversialist with Wiclif, and from Wiclif MSS. still unprinted it is possible to gain some insight into Strode's religious views.³ But neither his theology

¹ The 'Vetus Catalogus' described in the 'Memorials of Merton College,' by the Hon. George C. Brodrick, the present Warden. On the same page of the Catalogue occurs 'John de Wicliffe.' The list originally consisted merely of the surnames of the fellows; the biographical notes and the ascription of Christian names belong to a late fifteenth-century hand. A. Wood seems at one time to have doubted Ralf Strode's connection with Merton.

² See Prantl's 'Geschichte der Logik im Abendlande,' iv. pp. 45-56.

³ Through the good offices of Dr. Furnivall I have obtained a transcript of Wiclif's 'Responsiones ad Radulphum Strodam,' preserved in a MS. in the Imperial Library of Vienna, and shortly to be edited for the Wiclif Society. I am much indebted to the well-known Wiclif scholar, Mr. F. D. Matthew, for his valuable opinion on the subject of Strode's doctrine.

nor his philosophy help us in any way to identify the writer with the poems in the Cottonian collection.

The evidence, such as it is, tending to connect Strode and the writer of 'Pearl,' is derived from the following considerations:—The Merton description of the lost poem does not apply to any known poem in the English language so well as to the 'Pearl.' Again, the peculiar force of Chaucer's dedication has, I think, never been properly understood. Chaucer felt that his 'Troilus and Creseide' was open, and justly so, to the charge of being somewhat too free; wherefore, in a spirit of banter, he dedicated it to two fellow-poets whose poetry aimed primarily at enforcing moral virtue. Now, if asked to name the very antithesis to 'Troilus,' a student of fourteenth-century literature could choose no better instance than the romance of 'Gawain.' Further, there is a tradition that Strode left his native land and journeyed through France, Germany, and Italy, and visited Syria and the Holy Land. 'An Itinerary to the Holy Land,' by this writer, seems to have been known to Nicholas Brigham, the enthusiastic devotee of Chaucer, to whom we owe his monument in Westminster Abbey.¹ According to Antony Wood, Strode's name as a fellow of Merton occurs for the last time about 1361, a date not inconsistent with the supposed date of the four poems by the author of 'Pearl.' The name 'Strode,' though more usual as a Southern patronymic, occurs also in Northern records of the fourteenth and earlier centuries. In the Pipe-Rolls of Edward I. the name of Peter de la Strode occurs many times, and the editor of these Records, the late W. Dixon of Alnwick, invariably takes the name as another form of Strother,—the place, 'far in the North,' whence came Chaucer's poor scholars of Soler Hall. It is to be doubted whether Strode is really a variant form of Strother.² I should feel rather inclined to take it as a variant of some Northern

¹ Bale ascribed an 'Itinerarium Terræ Sanctæ' to Strode on the authority of a statement by Brigham in his lost work 'De Venatione rerum memorabilium'; see Selden MS. sup. 64, f. 170. Dr. Reginald Poole is at present editing this most important MS., and my knowledge of the entry is due to his great kindness in allowing me to consult his transcript.

² A. Strother, Esq., of Bath, who has made a special study of his family pedigree, is also inclined to doubt the connection of Strode and Strother. On one occasion he questioned Mr. Dixon on his view of the matter, but the antiquary maintained the identity of the two names.

'Stroth.' It is a fact certainly worthy of mention that the only English writer who uses the word 'stroth' as a common noun is the author of 'Pearl' and 'Gawain,' in which two poems the word occurs, though with distinctly different meanings; it seems to have had some special interest for the writer.

It is not my purpose in this place¹ to investigate the various accounts of Strode given by such writers as Bale, Pits, Tanner, Dempster, and Eckard, but it is important to point out that the statement which has found its way into modern text-books to the effect that Strode was a Scotch monk of Jedburgh Abbey is entirely without foundation.²

The facts I have adduced—unsatisfactory as they are—will, I hope, have their desired effect, and call the attention of students to the lost poems of Chaucer's 'Strode.' Patient research may some day discover a clue that may enable us to read the entry in the Merton Catalogue in an extended form :—

Radulphus Strode, nobilis poeta fuit et versificavit librum elegiacum vocatum Phantasma Radulphi; incipit,—

'Perle plesaute to prynces paye.'

But though it be possible to make a plausible surmise, one must acknowledge that the question still remains unanswered :—

'Who and what he was—
The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision; when and where and how he lived.'

¹ Independently of the question at issue concerning Strode's possible authorship of the 'Pearl,' I hope before long to publish 'Testimonia de Strode,' at present in preparation for the Chaucer Society.

² The mendacious Dempster, anxious to claim Strode for Scotland, made him a Scotchman and placed him in Dryburgh Abbey, on authority which, it is to be feared, was entirely a fabrication. He was probably aided in his self-delusion by the fact that Dryburgh happens to be in the parish of 'Merton.' Eckhard's copy of Dempster misprinted Dryburgh as 'Deyburg,' which in its turn was taken as standing for 'Jedbourg'!!



ERLE plesaunte to pryndes paye,

§ I

To clanly clos in golde so clere,

Oute of oryent I hardly saye,

Ne proved I never her precios pere,—

So rounde, so reken in uche a raye,

So smal, so smothe her sydez were,—

Queresoever I jugged gemmez gaye,

I sette hyr sengeley in synglere.

Allas ! I leste hyr in on erbere ;

Thurgh gresse to grounde hit fro me yot ;

I dewyne for-dokked of luf-daungere,

Of that pryvy perle withouten spot.

SYTHEN in that spote hit fro me sprange,
Ofte haf I wayted wyschande that wele,

That wont wacz whyle devoyde my wrange,

And heven my happe and al my hele ;

That docz bot thrych my herte thrange,

My breste in bale bot bolne and bele.

Yet thoght me never so swete a sange,

As styлле stounde let to me stele ;

Forsothe ther fleten to me fele,—

To thenke hir color so clad in clot !

O moul thou marrez a myry mele,—

My privy perle withouten spot.

*PEARL ! fair enow for princes' pleasance,
so deftly set in gold so pure,—
from orient lands, I durst avouch,
ne'er saw I a gem its peer,—
so round, so comely-shaped withal,
so small, with sides so smooth,—
where'er I judged of radiant gems,
I placed my pearl supreme.*

§ 1

*I lost it—in an arbour—alas !
It passed from me through grass to earth.
I pine, despoiled of love's dominion,—
of mine own, my spotless pearl.*

*SITHENCE how oft have I tarried there,
where it vanished,—seeking the joy
that whilom scattered all my woe,
and raised so high my bliss !
It doth but pierce my heart with pangs,
and kindle my breast with sorrow :
yet ne'er was heard so sweet a song
as the still hour let steal to me thither.*

*Ah me ! what thoughts stole there to my mind !
To think of my fair one o'erlaid with clay !—
O earth ! thou marrest a joyous theme,—
mine own, my spotless pearl.*

3. **T**HAT spot of spysez myght nedeze sprede,
Ther such rychez to rot is runne :
Blomez blayke and blue and rede,
Ther schynes ful schyr agayn the sunne :
Flor and fryte may not be fede,
Ther hit doun drof in moldez dunne :
For uch gresse mot grow of graynez dede,
No whete were ellez to wonez wonne.
Of goud uche goude is ay bygonne ;
So semly a sede moght fayly not,
That spryngande spycez up ne sponne,
Of that precios perle wythouten spot.

4. **T**O that spot that I in speche expoun
I entred in that erber grene,
In augoste in a hygh seysoun,
Quen corne is corven with crokez kene ;
On huyle ther perle hit trendeled doun,
Schadowed this worteze ful schyre and schene—
Gilofre gyngure and gromylyoun,
And pyonys powdered ay betwene.
Yif hit wacz semly on to sene,
A fayrre flayr yet fro hit flot,
Ther wonys that worthyly I wot and wene,
My precious perle wythouten spot.

*F*RAGRANT herbs must needs spring forth
from soil where such rich treasure wastes :
blossoms white and blue and red
shine there full clear against the sun :
flower and fruit shall know no blight,
where it passed to the dark mould beneath.
Lo, every blade groweth from dead grain,
else were no wheat brought home.

Yea, good beginneth aye from good ;
and so goodly a seed can ne'er fail ;—
ne'er fragrant herbs shall cease to spring
from my precious, my spotless pearl.

*O*N a day I entered that arbour green,—
fain would I picture the place in words,—
'twas August, the year's high festival,
when the corn is cut with the keen-edged hook,—
where my pearl had erewhile rolled adown
was shaded with herbage full beauteous and bright,—
gillyflowers, ginger, and gromwell-seed,
and peonies sprent between.

But fair as was the sight to see,
fairer the fragrance that wafted thence,
where dwelleth that glory, I wot and ween,—
my precious, my spotless pearl.

5 **B**IFORE that spot my honde I spennd,
 For care ful colde that to me caght ;
 A denely dele in my herte denned,
 Thagh resoun sette my selven saght.
 I playned my perle that ther wacz spenned,
 Wyth fyrte skyllez that faste faght ;
 Thagh kynde of kryst me comfort kenned,
 My wreched wylle in wo ay wraghte.
 I felle upon that floury flaght,
 Suche odour to my hernez schot ;
 I slode upon a slepyng-slaghte
 On that precios perle withouten spot.

6 **F**RO spot my spyryt ther sprang in space, § II
 My body on balke ther bod in sweven,
 My goste is gon in godez grace,
 In aventure ther mervaylez meven ;
 I ne wyste in this worlde quere that hit wace,
 But I knew me keste ther klyfez cleven ;
 Towarde a foreste I bere the face,
 Where rych rokkez wer to dyscreven ;
 P The lyght ~~of hem~~ myght no mon leven,
 P The glemande glory that of hem glent ;
 For wern never webbez that wyghez weven
 Of half so dere adubblement.

I GAZED on the sight : my hands I clasped :
chill sorrow seized my heart :
wild grief made tumult in my breast,
though reason whispered ' peace '.
I wailed for my pearl, held fast from me there,—
dread doubt fought hard with doubt,—
though Christ's self shewed whence comfort is,
my will was bondman to woe.

I fell upon that flowery plat ;
such fragrance rose to my brain,
that soon I was lulled in a reverie
o'er my precious, my spotless pearl.

MY spirit thence sped forth into space,
my body lay there entranced on that mound,
my soul, by grace of God, had fared
in quest of adventure, where marvels be.

§ II

I knew not where that region was ;
I was borne, iwis, where the cliffs rose sheer ;
toward a forest I set my face,
where rocks so radiant were to see,

that none can trow how rich was the light
the gleaming glory that glinted therefrom,
for never a web by mortal spun
was half so wondrous fair.

7 **D**UBBED wern alle tho downez sydez
 With crystal klyffez so cler of kynde ;
Holte-wodez bryght aboute hem bydez,
Of bollez as blue as ble of ynde,
As bornyst sylver the lef onslydez,
That thike con trylle on uch a tynde,
Quen^glem of glodez agaynz hem glydez,
Wyth schymeryng schene ful schrylle thay schynde.
 The gravayl that on grounde con grynde
 Wern precious perlez of oryent ;
 The sunne bemez bot blo and blynde,
 In respecte of that adubbement.

8 **T**HE adubbement of tho downez dere
 Garten my goste al greffe for-yete ;
So frech flavorez of frytez were,
As fode hit con me fayre refete ;
Fowlez ther flowen in fryth in fere,
Of flaumbande huez, bothe smale and grete,
Bot sytole-stryng and gyternere
Her reken myrthe moght not retrete,
 For quen those bryddez her wynggez bete,
 Thay songen wyth a swete asent ;
 So gracios gle couthe no mon gete
 As here and se her adubbement.

*THE hill-sides there were crowned
with crystal cliffs full clear,
and holts and woods, all bright with boles
blue as the blue of Inde,
and trembling leaves, thick on every branch,
as burnished silver shone,—
with shimmering sheen they glistened,
touched by the gleam of the glades,—
and the gravel that rolled upon that strand
was precious orient pearls.
The sun's own light had paled before
that sight so wondrous fair.*

*'MID the magic charm of those wondrous hills
my spirit forgot all woe ;
fruit there of such rare flavour grew,
'twas food to make one strong ;
birds flew there in peace together,
of flaming hues, both small and great,
nor citern-string, nor minstrel,
can tell their joyous glee,
for lo ! whene'er they beat their wings,
they sang with sweet accord ;
no rapture could so stir a man
as their song and that wondrous sight.*

9 **S**O al wacz dubbet on dere asyse ;
That fryth ther fortune forth me ferez,
The derthe thereof for to devyse
Nis no wygh worthe that tonge berez.
I welke ay forthe in wely wyse,
No bonk so byg that did me derez,
The fyrre in the fryth the feirer con ryse
The playn, the plonttez, the spyse, the perez,
And rawez and randez and rych revereze,
As fyldor fyn her bonkes brent.
I wan to a water by schore that scherez,
Lorde ! dere wacz hit adubbement.

10 **T**HE dubbement of ~~the~~ derworth depe
Wern bonkez bene of beryl bryght ;
Swangeande swete the water con swepe
Wyth a rownande rourde raykande aryght ;
In the founce ther stonden stonez stepe,
As glente thurgh glas that glowed and glyght,
As stremande sterneze quen strothe men slepe,
Staren in welkyn in wynter nyght ;
For uche a pobbel in pole ther pyght
Wacz emerad, saffer, other gemme gent,
That alle the loghe lemed of lyght,
So dere wacz hit adubbement.

*A*LL was dight in such rich array,—
no tongue of man could e'er describe
the beauty of that forest-land
that fortune led me through.

Still onward I pressed in blissful mood ;
no hill, howe'er steep, caused me travail there ;
the deeper the wood, the fairer arose
plain and plants and spice and fruits,
hedgerows and paths and rivers rich,
their banks bright as golden thread.

Then reached I a river that cleft the strand,—
Lord ! its beauty how wondrous fair !

O THE marvels of that wondrous stream !—
its banks resplendent with beryl bright,—
sweet music swelled forth as its waters fell ;
with how gentle a murmur it flowed along !
In the depths below lay gleaming stones ;
as light through glass they glimmered and glowed,—
as twinkling stars in the welkin shine
in a winter night, while the weary sleep.

Each pebble that lay there in that stream
was an emerald, sapphire, or some rare gem,
that all the water glistened with light,—
its beauty was so wondrous fair !

11 **T**HE dubbement dere of doun and dalez, § III
Of wod and water and wlonke playnez,
Bylde in me blys, abated my balez,
Fordidde my stresse, dystried my paynez.
Doun after a strem that dryghly halez,
I bowed in blys, bred-ful my braynez ;
The fyrre I folghed those floty valez,
The more strengthe of joye myn herte straynez,
As fortune fares theras ho fraynez,
Whether solace ho sende other ellez sore,
The wygh, to wham her wylle ho waynez,
Hyttez to have ay more and more.

12 **M**ORE of wele wacz in that wyse
Then I cowthe telle thagh I tom hade,
For urthely herte myght not suffyse
To the tenthe dole of tho gladnes glade ;
Forthy I thoght that paradyse
Wacz ther othergayn tho bonkez brade ;
I hoped the water were a devyse
By-twene myrthez by merez made ;
By-yonde the broke by slente other slade,
I hoped that mote merked wore.
Bot the water wacz depe, I dorst not wade,
And ever me longed ay more and more.

*THE wondrous glamour of down and dale,
of wood and water and noble plain,
stirred bliss within me, abated my pangs,
scattered my sorrow, and worsted my woes.
Along a stream I wended in joy,—
slowly it flowed,—my mind was full :
the farther I followed those watery vales,
greater joy constrained my heart.*

§ III

*Fortune fares whereso she lists,
sends she solace, or sends she care,
wight on whom she works her will
hath oft thereof still more and more.*

*MORE of such wealth was there withal,
than I might tell, though leisure were mine,
for earthly spirit cannot grasp
a tenth part of that fair delight :
certes methought that paradise
lay those broad banks beyond :
I trowed the stream was some device,—
a lake in the midst of a pleasaunce :
beyond the brook, by glen or glade,
I trowed to find where the moat was marked ;
but the water was deep ; I durst not pass ;
and ever I longed still more and more.*

13 **M**ORE and more, and yet wel mare,
 Me lyste to se the broke byyonde,
For if hit wacz fayr ther I con fare,
Wel loveloker wacz the fyrre londe.
Aboute me con I stote and stare,
To fynde a forthe faste con I fonde,
But wothez mo iwise ther ware,
The fyrre I stalked by the stronde ;
 And ever me thoght I schulde not wonde
 For wo, ther welez so wynne wore.
 Thenne newe note me com on honde,
 That meved my mynd ay more and more.

14 **M**ORE mervayle con my dom adaunt ;
 I segh by-yonde that myry mere,
A crystal clyffe ful relusaunt,
Mony ryal ray con fro hit rere ;
At the fote thereof ther sete a faunt,
A mayden of menske, ful debonere ;
Blysnande whyt wacz hyr bleaunt ;
(I knew hyr wel, I hade sen hyr ere.)
 As glysnande golde that man con schere,
 So schon that schene anunder schore ;
 On lenghe I looked to hyr there,—
 The lenger, I knew hyr more and more.

*MORE and more, and yet still more
I longed to see beyond that brook ;
for if 'twas fair where I passed along,
far fairer was that further land.*

*I stayed my steps ; I gazed about ;
I sought full hard to find some ford,—
the farther I wended along the strand,
the way grew harder, iwis :*

*no peril methought would make me turn
where such rich treasures were,—
when fresh delights were nigh at hand,
that moved my mind still more and more.*

*MORE marvels arose to daunt my soul :
I saw beyond that gladsome mere
a crystal cliff that shone full bright,—
many a noble ray gleamed forth ;—
at the foot thereof there sat a child,
a gracious maiden, so debonair ;
robed was she in glistening white,—
I knew her well, I had seen her ere.*

*Radiant as refined gold
shone that glory 'neath the cliff ;
long I gazed upon her there,—
the longer, I knew her more and more.*

15 **T**HE more I frayste hyr fayre face,
 Her figure fyn quen I had fonte,
Suche gladande glory con to me glace,
As lyttel byfore therto wacz wonte ;
To calle hyr lyste con me enchace,
Bot baysment gef myn hert a brunt,
I segh hyr in so strange a place,
Such a burre myght make myn herte blunt ;
 Thenne verez ho up her fayre frount,
 Hyr vysayge whyt as playn yvore,
 That stonge myn hert ful stray atount,
 And ever the lenger, the more and more.

16 **M**ORE then me lyste my drede aros, § IV
 I stod full styлле and dorste not calle,
 Wyth yghen open and mouth ful clos,
I stod as hende as hawk in halle ;
I hope that ghostly wacz that porpose,
I drede on ende quat schulde byfalle,
Lest ho me eschaped that I ther chos,
Er I at steven hir moght stalle.
 That gracios gay withouten galle,
 So smothe, so smal, so seme slyght,
 Rysez up in hir araye ryalle,
 A precios pyece in perlez pyght.

*THE more I scanned her face so fair,
when I found there her beauteous form,
such gladness passed into my soul
as rarely dwelt therein before.
Longing seized me to call her by name,
but wonderment dealt to my heart a blow,
I saw her in so strange a place,
well might my heart pall at that shock.*

*Then veered she up her visage fair,—
white as pure ivory was her face,—
it thrilled mine heart, struck all abroad,
and the longer, ever the more and more.*

*MORE than my longing was now my dread ; § IV
I stood full still ; I durst not call ;
with open eyes and fast-closed mouth,
I stood as a well-trained hawk in a hall ;
twixt hope that it came for my soul's behoof,
and fear lest perchance it might so befall,
that the prize I chose might escape from me,
ere I held it within my grasp ;
when, lo ! that spotless creature of grace,
so gentle, so small, so winsomely lithe,
riseth up in her royal array,—
a precious thing with pearls bedight.*

17 **P**ERLEZ pyghte of ryal prys,
 There moght mon by grace haf sene,
 Quen that frech as flor-de-lys,
 Doun the bonke con boghe bydene.
 Al blysnande whyt wacz hir beau mys,
 Upon at sydez, and bounden bene
 Wyth the myrreste margarys at my devyse,
 That ever I segh yet with myn yghen ;
 Wyth lappez large I wot and I wene,
 Dubbed with double perle and dyghte,
 Her cortel of self sute schene,
 With precios perlez al umbe-pyghte.

18 **A** PYGHT coroune yet wer that gyrlle,
 Of marjorys and non other ston,
 Highe pynakled of cler quyt perle,
 Wyth flurtd flowrez perfet upon ;
 To hed hade ho non other werle ;
 Her here heke al hyr umbe-gon ;
 Her semblaunt sade, for doc other erle ;
 Her ble more blaght then whallez-bon ;
 As schorne golde schyr her fax thenne schon,
 On schylderez that leghe unlapped lyghte ;
 Her depe colour yet wonted non
 Of precios perle in porfyl pyghte.

*F*AVOURED mortal might there see
choicest pearls of sovereign price,
when all as fresh as a fleur-de-lys
she came adown that bank.

Gleaming white was her tunic rich,
at its sides 'twas open, and wondrously stitched
with the winsomest pearls, I trow full well,
that e'er mine eyes had seen :

broad were the sleeves, I ween and wot,
with double braid of pearls bedecked,
and her bright kirtle followed suit,
with precious pearls bedight.

A CROWN that maiden wore withal
bedecked with pearls, with none other stones,
and pinnaced high with pure white pearls,
with figured flowers wrought thereon ;
no other gem was on her head ;
her hair, too, hung about her neck ;
her look was grave, as a duke's or an earl's ;
whiter than whale-bone was her hue.

Her locks shone then as bright pure gold,—
loose on her shoulders so softly they lay,—
though deep their colour, they needed not
those precious pearls on her robe bedight.

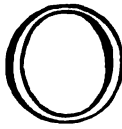
19 **P**YGH.T and poyned wacz uche a hemme,
At honde, at sydez, at overtüre,
Wyth whyte perle and non other gemme,
And bornyste quyte wacz hyr vestüre.
Bot a wonder perle withouten wemme,
In myddez hyr breste wacz sette so sure ;
A mannez dom moght dryghly demme,
Er mynde moght malte in hit mesure ;
I hope no tonge moght endure
No saverly saghe say of that syght,
So wacz hit clene and cler and pure,
That precios perle ther hit wacz pyght.

20 **P**YGH.T in perle that precios pyece
On wyther-half water com down the schore ;
No gladder gome hethen into grece,
Then I, quen ho on brymme wore ;
Ho wacz me nerre then aunte or nece,
My joy forthy wacz much the more.
Ho profered me speche that special spece,
Enclynande lowe in wommon lore,
Caghte of her coroun of grete tresore,
And haylsed me wyth a lote lyghte.
Wel wacz me that ever I wacz bore,
To sware that swete in perlez pyghte.

*B*EDIGHT and broidered was each hem—
at the sleeves, the sides, and each opening—
with white pearls, with none other gem,
and burnished white was all her array :
but a wondrous pearl without a flaw
amidmost her breast was firmly set,—
soul of man might grow full faint,
ere mind of man might measure its worth.

*I trow no tongue might e'er avail
to speak of that sight a fitting word,
so all unspotted, and clear, and pure,
was that precious pearl, where it was dight.*

*B*EDIGHT with pearls, that precious thing
came down the shore on that yonder bank ;
from here to Greece was no gladder man
than I, when she stood at the water's edge.
She was nearer to me than aunt or niece,
and so much the more was my joy.
She proffered me speech, that creature rare,
bending low in womanly wise ;
her crown of richest worth she doffed,
and hailed me with obeisance blithe :
well was me that e'er I was born
to answer that sweet one, with pearls bedight.

21 ‘  PERLE,’ quoth I, ‘in perlez pyght, § V
Art thou my perle that I haf playned,
Regretted by myn one, an nyghte?

Much longeyng haf I for the layned,
Sythen in-to gresse thou me aglyghte ;
Pensyf, payred, I am for-payned,
And thou in a lyf of lykyng lyghte
In paradys erde, of stryf unstrayned.

What wyrde hacz hyder my juel wayned,
And don me in del and gret daunger ?
Fro we in twynne wern towen and twayned
I haf ben a joylez jueler.’

22 **T**HAT juel thenne in gemmez gente,
Vered up her vyse with yghen graye,
Set on hyr coroun of perle orient,
And soberly after thenne con ho say :
‘Syr, ye haf your tale myse-tente,
To say your perle is al awaye,
That is in cofer, so comly clente,
As in this gardyn gracios gaye,
Here-inne to lenge for-ever and play,
Ther mys nee mornyng com never ner ;
Her were a forser for the in faye,
If thou were a gentyl jueler.

‘**O** PEARL!’ quoth I, ‘with pearls bedight,
art thou my Pearl?—of me so lone
regretted, and through the night bewailed.
Much longing for thee have I borne concealed,
since thou glancedst from me into grass;
pensive, shattered, forlorn, am I,
but thou hast reached a life of joy
in the strifeless home of Paradise.

What chance hath hither brought my jewel,
and me in dolorous plight hath cast?
Since we twain were sundered and set apart,
have I been joyless, so loved I my jewel.’

THAT jewel then, so fair begemmed,
veered up her visage, raised her grey eyes,
set on her crown of orient pearls,
and gently thus she spake:—
‘Sir, thou hast misread thy tale,
to say thy pearl is all perdu,
that is in a casket so well bestowed,
yea, in this garden of grace and joy,
herein for ever to dwell and play,
where sin nor mourning come nêr nigh:
this were thy treasure-hold in sooth,
didst thou love thy jewel aright.

23 ‘ **B**OT jueler gente if thou schal lose
Thy joy for a gemme that the wacz lef,
Me thynk the put in a mad porpose,
And busyez the aboute a raysoun bref,
For that thou lestez wacz bot a rose,
That flowred and fayled as kynde hit gef ;
Now thurgh kynde of the kyste that hyt con close,
To a perle of prys hit is put in pref ;
And thou hacz called thy wyrde a thef,
That oght of noght hacz mad the cler ;
Thou blamez the bote of thy meschef,
Thou art no kynde jueler.’

24 **A** JUEL to me then wacz thys geste,
And juelez wern hyr gentyl sawez.
‘ I-wyse,’ quoth I, ‘ my blysfol beste,
My grete dystresse thou al to-drawez,
To be excused I make requeste ;
I trawed my perle don out of dawez,
Now haf I fonde hyt I schal ma feste,
And wony with hyt in schyr wod-schawez,
And love my lorde and all his lawez,
That hacz me broght thys blysse ner ;
Now were I at yow byyonde thise wawez,
I were a joyfol jueler.’

*'B*UT, noble sir, if for a gem—
a gem that was dear—thou lovest thy joy,
methinks thou goest far astray,
and all thy care hath little ground :
'twas but a rose that thou didst lose,
that bloomed and withered, as nature bade ;
through the casket's grace, that held it secure,
now 'tis proved a pearl of price :
and thou hast called thy fate a thief,
that hath bereft thee of no whit :
thou blam'st the cure of all thy woe,^P
thou lovest not thy jewel aright.'

A JEWEL to me then was this visitant,
and jewels were her gentle words.
'Iwis,' quoth I, ' my blissful gem,
thou riddest me of all my woe :
pardon me, I prythee now,
methought my pearl bereft of life :
now I have found it, I shall hold it fast,
and dwell with it in the radiant groves,
and praise my Lord and all his laws,
that hath me brought this bliss anigh.
Were I now with thee beyond these waves,
joyful were I with my jewel.'

25 ‘**J**UELER,’ sayde that gemme clene,
 ‘Wy borde ye men?—so madde ye be.
 Thre wordez hacz thou spoken at ene,
 Unavysed, for sothe, wern alle thre,
 Thou ne woste in worlde quat on docz mene;
 Thy worde byfore thy wytte con fle.
 Thou says thou trawez me in this dene,
 Bycawse thou may with yghen me se;
 Another thou says, in thys countre
 Thy self schal won with me ryght here;
 The thrydde, to passe thys water fre;
 That may no joyfol jueler.

26 ‘**I**HALDE that jueler lyttel to prayse § VI
 That levez wel that he segh wyth yghe,
 And much to blame and uncortayse,
 That levez oure lorde wolde make a lyghe,
 That lelly hyghte your lyf to rayse,
 Thagh fortune dyd your flesch to dyghe;
 Ye setten hys wordez ful westernays,
 That levez no thynk bot ye hit syghe,
 And that is a poynt o sorquydryghe,
 That uche god mon may evel byseme,
 To leve no tale be true to tryghe,
 Bot that hys one skyl may deme.

*'FOND sir !' said that purest gem,
 'Why jest ye men ?—so mad ye be.
 Three words thou hast spoken in thy one speech,
 foolish, forsooth, were all the three :
 thou knowest not what one doth mean :
 sure thy words outran thy wit.
 Thou sayest thou deem'st me in this vale,
 for that thou seest me with thine eyes :
 thou sayest, too, that thou thyself
 wilt dwell here with me in this land :
 thirdly,—this stream thou wouldst freely pass :
 no wight may this, though he prize his jewel.*

*I HOLD that jeweller little to praise
 that trusts what with his eyes he sees,
 and much to blame and graceless he,
 that thinks our Lord would speak a lie,
 who promised thee truly to raise thy life,
 though fortune gave thy flesh to death :
 perversely dost thou read His words,
 that trustest nought but what thou seest :
 sure 'tis an overweening thing,
 that ill beseems a righteous man,
 to throw no tale is trustworthy
 save his mere reason deem it so.*

§ VI

27 ‘ **D**EME now thyself, if thou con dayly,
 As man to god wordez schulde heve.
 Thou sayez thou schal won in this bayly ;
 Me thynk the burde fyrst aske leve,
 And yet of graunt thou myghtez fayle ;
 Thou wylnez over thys water to weve,
 Er moste thou cever to other counsayl,—
 Thy corse in clot mot calder keve,
 For hit wacz for-garte at paradys greve,
 Oure yore-fader hit con mysse-yeme ;
 Thurgh drury deth boz uch man dreve,
 Er over thys dam hym dryghtyn deme.’

28 ‘ **D**EMEZ thou me,’ quoth I, ‘ my swete,
 To dol agayn, thenne I dowyne ;
 Now haf I fonte that I for-lete,
 Schal I efte forgo hit er ever I fyne ?
 Why schal I hit bothe mysse and mete ?
 My precios perle docz me gret pyne,
 What servez tresor bot garez men grete,
 When he hit schal efte with tenez tyne ?
 Now rech I never for to declyne,
 Ne how fer of folde that man me fleme,
 When I am partlez of perlez myne.
 Bot durande doel what may men deme ?’

*'JUDGE now thyself, if thou hast dealt
such words as man should give to God:—
thou sayest that thou wilt dwell in this burgh,—
'twere meet, methinks, first to ask leave,—
and yet thou mightest miss the boon :
thou wishest, too, to cross this stream,—
first must thou reach another goal,—
thy corse must grow full cold in clay :
'twas marred in the groves of Paradise,
where our forefather guarded it ill ;
through dreary death each wight must pass,
ere the Lord deem right that he cross this flood.'*

*'DOOMST thou me,' quoth I, 'sweet maid,
to dolour again, then am I undone.
Now I have found what I had lost,
must I forego it ere ever I cease ?
Why must I meet it and miss it straightway ?
My precious pearl doth me great pain.
What availeth treasure but to make man weep,
when he must lose it in grief anon ?
Now reck I never how low I droop,
how far men banish me forth from my land,
when I have no part in my pearl.
What may one deem it but endless moan ?'*

29 ' **T**HOW demez noght but doel dystresse ;'
Thenne sayde that wyght, 'why docz thou so ?
For dyne of doel, of lurez lesse,
Ofte mony mon for-gos the mo ;
The oghte better thy selven blesse,
And love ay god in wele and wo,
For anger gaynez the not a cresse.
Who nede schal thole be not so thro ;
For thogh thou daunce as any do,
Braundysch and bray thy brathez breme,
When thou no fyrre may, to ne fro,
Thou most abyde that he schal deme.

30 **D**EME dryghtyn, ever hym adyte,
Of the way a fote ne wyl he wrythe,
Thy mendez mountez not a myte,
Thagh thou for sorghe be never blythe ;
Stynt of thy strot and fyne to flyte,
And sech hys blythe ful swefte and swythe,
Thy prayer may his pyte byte,
That mercy schal hyr craftez kythe ;
Hys comferte may thy langour lythe,
And thy lurez of lyghtly leme,
For marred other madde, morne and mythe,
Al lys in him to dyght and deme.'

*THOU deemest sorrow is nought but moan ;'
said then that creature : ' why dost thou so ?*

*Oft many a man by the clamour of grief
loseth more than the loss he laments.*

*Thou shouldst rather hold thee blessed,
and praise aye God, in weal and woe ;
anger availeth thee no whit ;
thou needs must suffer, be not so wroth ;*

*though thou dance as any doe,
chafe and clamour in fiercest ire,
since thou canst not nearer come,
thou must bide what He deem fit.*

*' LET God decree ; let Him ordain ;
He will not swerve one foot from the way ;*

*thy moaning profits thee no mite,
though thou for sorrow be never blithe.*

*Stint thy chiding, and cease to strive,
and seek His bliss with swiftest speed ;
thy prayer may then His pity touch,
and mercy may show forth her craft :*

*yea, His solace may ease thy woe,
thy loss may lightly glide away,—
for marred or made, woe and weal,
all lies in Him as He deem fit.'*

31 **T**HENNE demed I to that damyselle, § VII
 ‘Ne worthe no wrath unto my lorde,
 If rapely I rave spornande in spelle,
My herte wacz al with mysse remorde,
As wallande water gocz out of welle ;
I do me ay in hys myserecorde.
Rebuke me never with wordez felle,
Thagh I forloyne, my dere endorde,
 Bot lythez me kyndely your coumforde,
 Pytosly thenkande upon thysse,
 Of care and me ye made acorde,
 That er wacz grounde of alle my blysse.

32 ‘ **M**Y blysse, my bale, ye han ben bothe,
 Bot much the bygger yet wacz my mon,
Fro thou wacz wroken fro uch a wothe,
I wyste never quere my perle wacz gon ;
Now I hit se, now lethez my lothe,
And quen we departed we wern at one,
God forbede we be now wrothe,
We meten so selden by stok other ston ;
 Thagh cortaysly ye carpe con,
 I am bot mol and marrez mysse ;
 Bot crystes mersy and mary and Jon,
 Thise arne the grounde of alle my blysse.

*T*HEN spake I to that damoisel,—
‘ Let not my Lord be wroth with me,
rave I wildly, rushing in speech,
as bubbling water springs from a well ;
my heart was all undone with loss ;
I put me in His mercy aye ;
rebuke me ne’er with words so cruel,
e’en though I err, my dear and adored ;
but grant me kindly comforting,
thinking piteously on this,—
of care and me thou hast made accord,
that ere wast ground of all my bliss.

*M*Y bliss and bale thou hast been both,
but much the greater hath been my moan ;
since thou wast banished from every path,
I wist not where my pearl was gone,
but now that I see it, my sorrow is eased :
when we were parted we were at one,
God forbid we be now wroth ;
we meet so seldom by stock or stone ;
though thou canst speak with such fair grace,
I am but dust ; grief woundeth me ;
but the mercy of ~~Christ~~, and Mary and John,
they are the ground of all my bliss. P

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33 ' **I**N blysse I se the blythely blent,
And I a man al mornyf mate,
Ye take ther-on ful lyttel tente,
Thagh I hente ofte harmez hate.
Bot now I am here in your presente,
I wolde bysech wythouten debate,
Ye wolde me say in sobre asente,
What lyf ye lede, erly and late ;
For I am ful fayn that your astate
Is worthen to worschyp and wele iwyss.
Of alle my joy the hyghe gate
Hit is in grounde of alle my blysse.'

34 ' **N**OW blysse, burne, mot the bytyde ;'
Then sayde that lufsoum of lyth and lere,
' And welcum here to walk and byde,
For now thy speche is to me dere ;
Maysterful mod and hyghe pryde
I hete the arn heterly hated here ;
My lorde ne lovez for to chyde,
For meke arn alle that wonez hym nere,
And when in hys place thou schal apere,
Be dep devote in hol mekenesse ;
My lorde the lamb lovez ay such chere,
That is the grounde of alle my blysse.

*' I SEE thee blithely linked with bliss,
while I am mournful and sad withal,
ye take thereof but little heed,
though oft I suffer baleful harm :
but now that I am in thy presence here,
I fain would beseech thee, without ado,
that ye would tell me with gentle assent,
what life ye lead, both early and late.*

*I am full glad that thy estate
is changed, iwis, to worship and weal ;
'tis the high-way unto all my joy,
and ground of all my bliss.'*

*' N OW bliss betide thee, noble sir ;'
said that maid so fair of form and face,
' thou art welcome here to walk and to tarry,
for now thy speech is dear to me.
Masterful mood and mighty pride
I tell thee are hated full bitterly here ;
my Master loveth not to chide,
for meek are all that dwell Him nigh :
and when thou appearest in His place,
be deep and devout in all humbleness ;
my Lord the Lamb aye loveth such cheer,
He is the ground of all my bliss.*

35 ' **A** BLYSFUL lyf thou says I lede,
 Thou woldez know ther-of the stage;
 Thow wost wel when thy perle con schede,
 I wacz ful yong and tender of age,
 Bot my lorde the lombe, thurgh hys godhede,
 He toke myself to hys maryage,
 Corounde me quene in blysse to brede,
 In lenghe of dayez that ever schal wage,
 And sesed in alle hys herytage
 Hys lef is, I am holy hysse;
 Hys prese, his prys and hys parage,
 Is rote and grounde of all my blysse.'

36 ' **B**LYSFUL,' quoth I, 'may this be true, § VIII
 Dysplesez not if I speke errour;
 Art thou the quene of hevenez blue,
 That all thys worlde schal do honour?
 We leven on marye that a grace of grewe,
 That ber a barne of vyrgyn flour,
 The croune fro her quo might remue,
 But ho hir passed in sum favour?
 Now for synglerty o hyr dousour,
 We calle hyr fenyx of arraby,
 That freles fleghe of hyr fasor,
 Lyk to the quen of cortaysye.'

A BLISSFUL life thou sayest I lead,
 and thou wouldst know the state thereof ;
 thou knowest when thy pearl fared forth,
 I was so young and of tender age,
 but through His godhead my Lord the Lamb
 took me in marriage unto Himself,
 crowned me queen to revel in bliss,
 in length of days that ever shall last ;
 yea, each beloved holdeth in fee
 His heritage ; I am wholly His ;
 His praise, His price, His peerless rank
 are root and ground of all my bliss.'

' *M*AY this be true,' quoth I, ' blessed maid,— § VIII
 speak I amiss, be not displeased,—
 art thou then queen of the heavens blue,
 whom all this world must honour ?
 We believe in Mary of whom sprang grace,
 who bore a child of virgin flower,
 and who can take from her the crown,
 save excelling her in worth ?
 But so peerless is her charm,
 we call her the phoenix of Araby,
 the bird immaculate of form,
 like to that queen of courtesy.'

37 ‘**C**ORTAYSE quene,’ thenne sayde that gaye,
Knelande to grounde, folde up hyr face,
‘Makelez moder and myryest may,
Blessed bygynner of uch a grace !’
Thenne ros ho up and con restay,
And speke me towarde in that space :
‘Syr, fele here porchasez and fongez pray,
Bot supplantorez none with-inne thys place ;
That emperise al hevenez hacz,
And urthe and helle in her bayly ;
Of erytage yet non wyl ho chace,
For ho is quen of cortaysye.

38 ‘**T**HE court of the kyndom of god alyve,
Hacz a property in hyt self beyng ;
Alle that may ther-inne aryve
Of alle the reme is quen other kyng,
And never other yet schal depryve,
Bot uchon fayn of otherez hafyng,
And wolde her corounez wern worthe tho fyve,
If possyble were her mendyng.
Bot my lady of quom Jesu con spryng,
Ho haldez the empyre over uus ful hyghe,
And that dysplesez none of oure gyng,
For ho is quene of cortaysye.

GRACIOUS queen !' said then that joy,
 kneeling to earth, with covered face,
' Matchless mother, mirthfullest maid,
blessed beginner of all our grace !'
Then rose she up, and stood as before,
and spake toward me from that spot :—
' Sir ! many find here the prize they seek,
but no usurpers abide herein :
 that empress in her empire hath
 all the heavens and earth and hell,
 her heritage none would oust her from,
 for she is queen of courtesy.

' **T**HE court of the kingdom of living God
 this special virtue hath in it,—
each that entereth therein
is king or queen of all the realm,
and yet depriveth not another ;
nay, each is fain of others' having,
and would wish their crowns five times as great,
could they be of greater worth :
 but my Lady of whom Jesu sprang
 holdeth her empire high o'er us all,
 and none it displeaseth of all our host,
 for she is queen of courtesy.

OF courtaysye, as saycz saynt poule,
Al arn we membrez of Ihesu kryst,
As heved and arme and legg and naule,
Temen to hys body ful true and tryste ;
Ryght so is uch a krysten sawle,
A longande lym to the mayster of myste ;
Thenne loke what hate other any gawle,
Is tached other tyghed thy lymmez bytwyste.

Thy heved hacz nauther greme ne gryste,
On arme other fynger thagh thou ber byghe :
So fare we alle wyth luf and lyste,
To kyng and quene by cortaysye.'

40 ' **C**ORTAYSYE,' quoth I, ' I leve,
And charyte grete be yow among,
Bot my speche that yow ne greve,
(Me thynk thou spekez now ful wronge,)
Thy self in heaven over hygh thou heve,
To make the quen that wacz so yonge.
What more honour moghte he a-cheve
That hade endured in worlde stronge,
And lyved in penaunce hys lyvez longe,
With bodyly bale hym blysse to byye ?
What more worschyp moght ho fonge,
Then corounde be kyng by cortayse ?

him & truly

*‘BY courtesy, as saith Saint Paul,
all are we members of Jesu Christ;
as head and arm and leg and trunk
pertain to the body full truly and well,
e’en so each Christian soul is a limb
belonging to the Lord of might.
Lo now, doth hatred or ill-will
prevail among thy limbs?*

*Thy head hath neither grief nor wrath,
though thou bear rings on thy fingers or arm :
e’en so fare we with love and joy
to the King and Queen by courtesy.’*

*‘COURTESY,’ quoth I, ‘I grant,
and charity great dwell in thy midst,
but pardon if my speech doth grieve,
methinks thou speakest all amiss,
raising thyself in heaven too high,
to make thee queen that wast so young.
What greater honour might mortal win,
that suffered bravely in this world,
yea, lived in life-long penance here,
to purchase bliss with bodily bale?
What greater worship might she have
than crowned by the King in courtesy?’*

41 ' **T**HAT cortayse is to fre of dede, § IX

Yyf hyt be soth that thou conez saye,
Thou lyfed not two yer in oure thede,
Thou cowthez never god nauther plesse ne pray,
Ne never nauther pater ne crede,
And quen mad on the fyrste day !
I may not traw, so god me spede,
That god wolde wrythe so wrange away ;
Of countes, damysel, par ma fay,
Wer fayr in heven to halde as-state
Other ellez a lady of lasse aray,
Bot a quen, hit is to dere a date.'

42 ' **T**HER is no date of hys godnesse,'
Then sayde to me that worthy wyghte,

' For al is trawthe that he con dresse,
And he may do no thynk bot ryght,
As mathew melez in your messe,
In sothfol gospel of god al-myght,
In-sample he can ful graythely gesse,
And lyknez hit to heven lyghte.
' My regne,' he saycz, ' is lyk on hyght,
To a lord that hade a vyne, I wate ;
Of tyme of yere the terme wacz tyght,
To labor vyne wacz dere the date.'

*‘ THAT courtesy is too lavish indeed,
 if it be sooth what thou hast said :
 thou didst not live two years in our land,
 God thou couldst not please or pray,
 ne’er knewest thou paternoster or creed ;
 yet on the first day Queen withal !
 I may not trow it, so God me speed,
 that God should work so all amiss :
 as a countess, damoisel, i’ faith,
 ’twere fair to hold in heaven estate,
 or as some lady of lower degree,
 but queen,—it is too high a goal.’*

*‘ NO limit to His goodness is,
 said then to me that creature of worth,
 for all is truth that He directs ;
 He can do naught but what is right ;
 as Matthew in thy missal saith,
 in God almighty’s gospel true,
 a parable he telleth full well
 and likeneth it to the hea^{ven}’s delight :
 ‘ My realm on high,’ he saith, ‘ is like
 to a lord that had a vineyard once,
 and, lo ! the time of the year was come,
 when to tend the vines was the season’s goal.’*

43 . ' **T**HAT date of yere wel knawe hys hyne ;
The lorde ful erly up he ros,
To hyre werkmen to hys vyne,
And fyndez ther summe to hys porpos,
Into accorde thay con declyne,
For a pene on a day and forth thay gocz,
Wrythen and worchen and don gret pyne,
Kerven and caggen and man hit clos ;
Aboute under the lorde to marked tocz,
And ydel men stande he fyndez ther-ate ;
' Why stande ye ydel ? ' he sayde to thos,
' Ne knawe ye of this day no date ? '

44 ' **E**R date of day hider arn we wonne,'
So wacz al samen her ansvar soght ;
' We have standen her syn ros the sunne,
And no mon byddez uus do ryght noght.'
' Gos in-to my vyne, docz that ye conne : '
So sayde the lorde, and made hit toght.
' What resonabele hyre be naght be runne,
I wyl yow pay in dede and thoghte.'
Thay wente in-to the vyne and wroghte,
And al day the lorde thus yede his gate,
And new men to hys vyne he broghte ;
Wel negh wyl-day wacz passed date.

*'THE hirelings knew that season well,
and up full early rose the lord
to hire him workmen for his vines,
and for his purpose finds he some ;
they enter in agreement then
for a penny a day, and forth they go ;
they labour and work and do great toil,
they prune and carry and fasten firm.*

*Toward noon the lord to the market fares,
and finds men idle standing about.*

*'Why stand ye idle?' said he to them,
'Hath the day for you no goal?'*

*'ERE dawn of day we hither came,'
this was their answer, one and all,
'we have stood about since the sun arose,
and no man biddeth us do aught.'
'Go to my vineyard, do what ye can,'
so said that lord, and assured them then :—
'The hire ye merit by fall of night
I will pay to you, in very deed.'*

*They went to the vineyard and there they worked,
and thus all day the lord went forth,
and new men to his vineyard brought ;
well nigh the day had passed its goal.*

45 ‘ **A**T date of the day, at even-songe,
 On oure byfore the sonne go doun,
 He segh ther ydel men ful stronge,
 And sayde to hem with sobre soun :
 ‘ Wy stonde ye ydel thise dayez longe ?’
 Thay sayden her hyre wacz nawhere boun.
 ‘ Gocz to my vyne, yemen yonge,
 And wyrkez and docz that at ye moun.’
 Sone the worlde bycom wel broun,
 The sunne wacz doun and hit wex late ;
 To take her hyre he mad sumoun ;
 The day wacz al apassed date.

46 ‘ **T**HE date of the daye the lorde can knaw, § X
 Called to the reve, ‘lede, pay the meyny,
 Gyf hem the hyre that I hem owe,
 And fyrre, that non me may repreny,
 Set hem alle upon a rawe,
 And gyf uchon in-lyche a peny.
 Bygyn at the laste that standez lowe,
 Tyl to the fyrste that thou at-teny.’
 And thenne the fyrst bygonne to pleny,
 And sayden that thay hade travayled sore,
 These bot on oure hem con streny,
 Uus thynk uus oghe to take more.

*' A T the close of day, at evensong,
one hour before the sun had sunk,
he saw strong men stand idle there,
and said to them in gentle voice ;—
' Why stand ye idle the livelong day ?'
Nowhere, they said, was the hire for them.
' Go to my vineyard, ye yeoman young,
and work and do as best ye may.'*

*Soon the world grew dusk and wan ;
the sun went down ; it grew full late ;
he summoned them to take their hire ;
the day had passed its goal.*

*' T HE master knew the time of day,
and called his steward : ' Sir, pay the men ;
give them the hire I owe to them,
and further, that I be blamed of none,
order them all in one long line,
and give each a penny alike ;
begin at the last that standeth low,
onward until thou reach the first.'*

§ X

*The first began then to complain,
and said that they had travailed sore ;
' these had laboured but one hour,
it seems to us we should have more.'*

47 ' **M**ORE haf we served uus thynk so,
That suffred han the dayez hete,
Then thyse that wroght not hourez two,
And thou docz hem uus to counterfete.'
Thenne sayde the lorde to on of tho :
' Frende, no waning I wyl the yete ;
Take that is thyn owne and go.
And I hyred the for a peny a grete,
 Quy bygynnez thou now to threte ?
 Wacz not a pene thy covenant thore ?
 Fyrre then covenaunde is noight to plete,
 Wy schalte thou thenne aske more ?

48 ' **M**ORE wether lovyly is me my gyfte
To do wyth myn quat so me lykez ?
Other ellez thyn yghe to lyther is lyfte,
For I am goude and non by-swykez.
' Thus schal I,' quoth kryste, ' hit skyfte ;
The laste schal be the fyrst that strykez,
And the fyrst the laste, be he never so swyft,
For mony ben called thagh fewe be mykez.'
 Thus pore men her part ay pykez,
 Thagh thay com late and lyttel wore,
 And thagh her sweng wyth lyttel at-slykez,
 The merci of god is much the more.

*'M*ORE have we deserved, we think,
we that have borne the heat of the day,
than these that have not worked two hours,
and thou makest them equal with us.'
Then said the lord to one of them :—
'Friend, I would not do thee wrong ;
take what is thine own and go.
If thou didst agree for a penny as hire,
why beginn'st thou now to chafe ?—
was not a penny thy covenant then ?—
one asks not for more than was agreed :
why shouldst thou then ask for more ?

*'I*S it not better for me to give,
to do with mine own whatso me lists,
or is thine eye toward evil turned,
because I am just and no man defraud ?'
'Thus shall I ordain,' quoth Christ,
'the last shall be the first to go,
and the first the last, be he ne'er so swift ;
for many be called, though few be great.'
Thus do poor men play their part,
though they are late and of small account,
though all their labour but little avails,
the mercy of God is so much the more.

49 ' **M**ORE haf I of joye and blysse here-inne,
Of ladyschyp gret and lyvez blom,
Then alle the wyghes in the worlde myght wynne,
By the way of ryght to aske dome.
Whether wel nyght now I con bygynne,
In even-tyde into the vyne I come,
Fyrst of my hyre my lorde con mynne,
I wacz payed anon of al and sum ;
Yet other ther werne that toke more tom,
That swange and swat for longe yore,
That yet of hyre no thynk thay nom,
Paraunter noght schal to-yere more.'

50 **T**HEN more I meled and sayde apert,
' Me thynk thy tale unresounable,
Goddez ryght is redy and ever more rert,
Other holy wryt is bot a fable ;
In sauter is sayd a verce overte
That spekez a poynt determynable,
' Thou quytez uchon as hys desserte,
Thou hyghe kyng ay pretermynable.'
Now he that stod the long day stable,
And thou to payment com hym byfore,
Thenne the lasse in werke to take more able,
And ever the lenger the lasse the more.'

*'MORE have I of joy and bliss herein,
of noble worship and life's delight,
than all the men in the world might win,
sought they what is theirs by right. From
Though 'twas well night when I began,—
at eventide to the vineyard I came,—
my Lord bethought Him first of my hire ;
I was payed anon the payment full.
Others there had needs to wait,
tho' long of yore they sweated and toiled,
nathless they received no hire,
and may not for a whole year more.'*

*THEN more I added and boldly spake :—
'Thy tale methinks is reasonless :
God's right is fixed and raised for aye,
or holy writ is but a fable :
a verse in the psalter doth clearly say,
determining this without a doubt :—
'Thou requitest each as is his worth,
Thou mighty prescient King !'
But didst thou get thy pay ere he,
that bravely bode the livelong day,
then who doth less receiveth more,
and ever the longer the less hath the more.'*

51 '  F more and lasse in godez ryche,' § XI

That gentyl sayde, ' lys no joparde,
For ther is uch mon payed in-liche,
Whether lyttel other much be hys rewarde ;
For the gentyl cheventayn is no chyche,
Quether-so-ever he dele nesch other harde ;
He lavez hys gyftez as water of dyche,
Other gotez of golf that never charde ;
Hys fraunchyse is large that ever dard
To hym that macz in synne rescoghe ;
No blysse becز fro him reparađe ;
For the grace of god is gret inoghe.

52 ' **B**OT now thou motez me for to mate
That I my peny haf wrang tan here,

Thou sayz that I that com to late,
Am not worthy so gret lere.
Where wystez thou ever any bourne abate,
Ever so holy in hys prayere,
That he ne forfeđed by sumkyn gate,
The mede sum-tyme of hevenez clere ?
And ay the ofter, the alder thay were,
Thay laften ryght and wroghten woghe,
Mercy and grace moste hem then stere,
For the grace of god is gret innoghe.

*'T*WIXT more and less in the kingdom of God',
said that gentle maid, 'is no debate :

*for there each man is paid alike,
whether little or much be his reward ;
that gentle Chieftain is no niggard,
whether his dole be soft or hard.
He lavisheth gifts as water from weir,
or streams of the deep that never turn.*

*Large is man's franchise, when he hath feared
Him that maketh a rescue in sin ;
no bliss shall be denied to him ;
the grace of God is great enough.*

*'Y*ET now thou wishest to checkmate me
for taking my penny full wrongly here :

*thou sayest that as I came so late,
I am not worthy so great a reward.
But knowest thou mortal anywhere,
be he ever so holy in his prayers,
that hath ne'er forfeited in some wise
the meed of heaven so bright ?*

*And aye more often, the older they grow,
have they left the right, and have wrought amiss ;
mercy and grace must pilot them ;
the grace of God is great enough.*

53 ‘ **B**OT innoghe of grace hacz innocent;
As sone as thay arn borne, by lyne,
In the water of babtem thay dyssente,
Then arne they boroght in-to the vyne ;
Anon the day, with derk endente,
The myght of deth docz to en-clyne,
That wroght never wrang er thenne they wente ;
The gentyle lorde thenne payez hys hyne ;
Thay dyden hys heste, thay wern there-ine ;
Why schulde he not her labour alow,
Yld and pay hem at the fyrste fyne,
For the grace of god is gret innoghe ?

54 ‘ **I**N OGHE is knawen that man-kyn grete,
Fyrste wacz wroght to blysse parfyt ;
Oure forme-fader hit con forfete,
Thurgh an apple that he upon con byte ;
Al wer we dampned for that mete,
To dyghe in doel out of delyt,
And sythen wende to helle hete,
Ther-inne to won withoute respyt ;
Bot ther on-com a bote as-tyt ;
Ryche blod ran on rode so roghe,
And wynne water ; then at that plyt
The grace of god wex gret innoghe.

*' Y^EA, grace enough have innocents :
as soon as they are born, forthwith,
they sink in the waters of baptism ;
then are they to the vineyard brought ;
anon the day, with darkness flecked,
to the might of death doth make them bow,
who ne'er wrought wrong, ere they entered there :
the gentle Lord pays his servants then ;
they did his behest ; they tarried therein ;
why should He not their labour allow,
and yield them their pay, at the first day's close ?
The grace of God is great enough.*

*' F^ULL well 'tis known that mankind great
first was wrought for perfect bliss ;
but our first father lost it us,
through an apple that he bit ;
and for that morsel were we damned
to die in dolour, cut off from joy ;
sithence to fare to the heat of hell,
and dwell therein unceasingly.*

*But our redemption came anon :
rich blood ran that rough rood adown,
and winsome water : in that sore plight
the grace of God waxed great enough.*

55 ‘ **I** NNOGHE ther wax out of that welle,
 Blod and water of brode wounde ;
 The blod uus boght fro bale of helle,
 And delyvered uus of the deth secounde ;
 The water is baptem the sothe to telle,
 That folghed the glayve so grymly grounde,
 That waschez away the gyltez felle,
 That adam wyth in deth uus drounde.
 Now is there noght in the worlde rounde
 Bytwene uus and blysse bot that he with-drogh,
 And that is restored in sely stounde,
 And the grace of god is gret innogh.

56 ‘ **G** RACE innogh the mon may have, § XII
 That synnez thenne new, yif hym repente,
 Bot with sorgh and syt he mot hit crave,
 And byde the payne therto is bent ;
 Bot resoun of ryght that con not rave,
 Savez ever more the innossent ;
 Hit is a dom that never god gave,
 That ever the gyltlez schulde be schente.
 The gyltyf may contrysoun hente,
 And be thurgh mercy to grace thryght ;
 Bot he to gyle that never glente,
 At inoscence, is saf by ryght.

*'E*NOUGH of blood and water streamed
from out that well,—from that deep wound ;
the blood redeemed us from hell's bale,
and ransomed us from the second death ;
the water is baptism, sooth to tell,—
it followed the glaive so grimly ground ;
it washeth away the guilt so base,
that Adam drowned us with in death.

Now is there nought in this round world
'twixt us and bliss He hath not withdrawn ;
all was restored in one fair hour ;
the grace of God is great enough.

*'G*RACE enough a man may have
that sinneth anew, if he repent,
but he must crave it with sorrow and grief,
and bide the pain that 'longeth thereto :
but reason, that cannot stray from right,
saveth the innocent evermore,
for 'tis a doom that God ne'er gave,
that e'er the guiltless should be shent.

*The guilty may contrition find,
and be by mercy led to grace ;
but he that ne'er fell into guile
is saved by right in innocence.*

*guilt
is
saved*

57 ‘**R**YGHTE thus I know wel in this cas,
Two men to save is god by skylle ;
The ryght-wys man schal se hys face,
The harmlez hathel schal com hym tylle.
The sauter hyt sacz thus in a pace :—
‘ Lorde ! quo schal klymbe thy hyghe hylle,
Other rest withinne thy holy place ? ’
Hymself to on-sware he is not dylle :—
‘ Hondelyngez harme that dyt not ille,
That is of hert bothe clene and lyght,
Ther schal hys step stable styлле.’
The innosent is ay saf by ryght.

58 ‘**T**HE ryghtwys man also sertayn
Aproche he schal that proper pyle,
That takez not her lyf in vayne,
Ne glaverez her nieghbor wyth no gyle ;
Of thys ryghtwys sagh salamon playn,
How kyntly oure lord him con aquyle ;
By wayez ful strenght he con hym strayn,
And scheued hym the rengne of god a whyle ;
As quo says, ‘ lo ! yon lovely yle,
Thou may hit wyne if thou be wyghte,
Bot hardyly withoute peryle.’
The innosent is ay save by ryghte.

'O^F *this same thing I know full well*
God doth justly save two kinds —

the righteous man shall see His face,
the harmless wight shall come Him nigh.
The psalter sayeth in a verse,—

'Lord ! who shall climb thy lofty hill
or rest within thy holy place ?'

Himself to answer He is not slow,—

' Servants whose hands did never ill :
he that is clean and blithe of heart
his step shall firmly rest thereon.'
Aye saved by right is the innocent !

'C^{ERTES}, *eke the righteous man*
shall approach that noble seat,—

who taketh not his life in vain,
and cheateth not his neighbour with guile.

Of the righteous, Solomon clearly saw
how kindly our Lord welcomed him :

He guided him in paths full straight,
and shewed him awhile the realm of God,

as who should say, ' lo, yon fair isle !
and thou may'st win it, if thou be bold,
but 'tis not without peril won.'

Aye saved by right is the innocent !

59 ' **A**NENDE ryghtwys men yet saycz a gome,
David in sauter, if ever ye segh hit,
' Lorde ! thy servaunt dragh never to dome,
For non lyvyande to the is justyfyet.'
Forthy to corte quen thou schal com,
Ther alle oure causez schal be tryed,
Alegge the ryght thou may be in-nome,
By thys ilke spech I have as-spyed ;
Bot he on rode that bloody dyed,
Delfully thurgh hondez thryght,
Gyve the to passe when thou arte tryed
By innocens and not by ryghte.

60 ' **R**YGHTWYSLY quo con rede,
He loke on bok and be awayed,
How Jhesus hym welke in are-thede,
And burnez her barnez unto hym brayde,
For happe and hele that fro hym yede,
To touch her chylder thay fayr hym prayed.
His dessypelez with blame let be hym bede,
And wyth her resounez ful fele restayed.
Jhesus thenne hem swetely sayde :—
' Do way, let chylder unto me tyght,
To suche is heven-ryche arayed.'
The innocent is ay saf by ryght.

*' A NENT the righteous, one sayeth too,
David in his psalter ; thou hast seen it perchance ;—*

*' Draw not thy servant to judgment, O Lord !
for no man living is justified.'*

*So when thou comest to the court,
where all our causes shall be tried,
renounce thy right, and thou may'st be received,
by grace of the words I have cited now.*

*He that died gruesomely on the rood,
whose hands were pierced so sorefully,
may He grant thee to pass, when thou art tried,
not by thy right, but by innocence.*

*' L ET him who knoweth to read aright,
look in the book and learn therefrom
how Jesu walked once on a time,
and folk brought unto Him their bairns ;
they besought him fair to touch their bairns
for bliss and health that from Him came.
His disciples rebuked them and bade them begone,
and many desisted at their words.*

Then Jesu sweetly said to them :—

*' Nay, let children come nigh unto me ;
for such is the kingdom of heaven prepared.'
Aye saved by right is the innocent !*

61 ' J HESUS con calle to hym hys mylde, § XIII

And sayde hys ryche no wygh myght wynde,
Bot he com thyder ryght as a chylde,
Other ellez never more com therinne ;
Harmlez, true and undefylde,
Withoute mote other mascle of sulphande synne ;
Quen such ther cnoken on the bylde,
Tyt schal hem men the yate unpynne ;
Ther is the blys that con not blynne,
That the jueler soghte thurgh perre pres,
And solde alle hisgoud, bothe wolen and lynne,
To bye hym a perle wacz mascellez.

62 ' T HIS maskellez perle that boght is dere,

The joueler yef fore alle hys god,
Is lyke the reme of hevenes clere,
So sayde the fader of folde and flode,
' For hit is wemlez, clene and clere,
And endelez rounde and blythe of mode,
And commune to alle that ryghtwys were.'
Lo ! even in myddez my breste hit stode.
My lorde the lombe that schede hys blode,
He pyght hit there in token of pes.
I rede the forsake the worlde wode,
And porchace thys perle maskelles.'

*'JESU called his meek disciples ;
He said no wight might win His realm,
save he come there as a child ;
else might he never come therein ;
but the harmless, the undefiled, and the true,
with ne'er stain nor spot of sapping sin,
when they come knocking at that place,
quickly the gate shall be opened for them.*

*There is the bliss that cannot fade,
that the jeweller sought among all earth's gems,
and sold his all, both linen and wool,
to purchase a spotless pearl.*

*'THIS spotless pearl, so dearly bought,
for which the jeweller gave all his wealth,
is like to the realm of heaven bright,'
so said the Father of earth and sea,
'for it is flawless, clear, and clean,
round, without end, and winsome of cheer,
and common to all that righteous be.'
And lo, 'twas set amidmost my breast.*

*My Lord the Lamb that shed His blood,
He set it there in token of peace.
I rede thee to leave the world so mad,
and purchase this spotless pearl.'*

63 ‘ **O** MASKELEZ perle in perlez pure,
 That berez,’ quod I, ‘ the perle of prys,
 Quo formed the thy fayre fygure ?
 That wroght thy wede, he wacz ful wys ;
 Thy beaute com never of nature ;
 Pymalyon paynted never thy vys ;
 Ne arystotel nawther by hys lettrure
 Of carped the kynde these propertez.
 Thy colour passez the flour-de-lys,
 Thyn angel-havyng so clene cortez ;
 Breve me, bryght, quat-kyn of triys
 Berez the perle so maskellez.’

64 ‘ **M**Y maskelez lambe that al may bete,’
 Quod scho, ‘ my dere destyné,
 Me ches to hys make al-thagh unmete.
 Sum tyme semed that assemblé,
 When I wente fro yor worlde wete :
 He calde me to hys bonerté :—
 ‘ Cum hyder to me, my lemman swete,
 For mote ne spot is non in the.’
 He yef me myght and als bewté ;
 In hys blod he wesch my wede on dese,
 And coronde clene in vergynté,
 And pyght me in perlez maskellez.’

*'O SPOTLESS pearl, in pearls so pure,
that bearest,' quoth I, 'the pearl of price,
who formed for thee thy figure fair?
He was full wise that wrought thy robe;
thy beauty nê'er from nature came;
Pygmalion painted nê'er thy face;
nor Aristotle, with all his lore,
nê'er told of the properties of thy kind;
thy colour passeth the flower-de-luce;
thy angel-bearing so debonair;
tell me, O bright one, what plighted troth
beareth as token this spotless pearl.'*

*'MY peerless Lamb that may glorify all,
quoth she, 'my plighted love so dear,
chose me His bride though all unmeet.
Yea, that day was my bridal-day,
whenas I left your tearful world,
and He called me to His beatitude:—
'Come to me hither, my truelove sweet,
nor spot nor blemish is in thee.'*

*He gave me might and beauty withal;
on His throne He washed my weeds in His blood;
He crowned me in my maidenhood,
and dight me in spotless pearls.'*

65 ‘ **W**HY maskellez bryd that bryght con flambe,
 That reiatez hacz so ryche and ryf,
 Quat-kyn thyng may be that lambe,
 That the wolde wedde unto hys wyf?
 Over alle other so hygh thou clambe,
 To lede with hym so ladyly lyf.
 So mony a cumly on-under cambe,
 For kryst han lyved in much stryfe,
 And thou con alle tho dere out-dryf,
 And fro that maryag al other depres,
 Al only thyself so stout and styf,
 A makelez may and maskellez.’

66 ‘ **M**ASKELLES,’ quoth that myry quene, § XIV
 ‘ Unblemyst I am, wythouten blot,
 And that may I with mensk menteene;
 Bot makelez quene thenne sayde I not;
 The lambes wyvez in blysse we bene,
 A hondred and forty thowsande flot,
 As in the apocalyppez hit is sene;
 Saynt Johan hem sygh al in a knot;
 On the hyl of syon that semly clot,
 The apostel hem segh in gostly drem,
 Arayed to the weddyng in that high coppe,
 The newe cyte o Jherusalem.

*'O SPOTLESS bride that shinest so bright,
 that hast such rich and royal array,
 what, forsooth, may be the Lamb,
 that fain would wed thee as His wife ?
 O'er all the rest thou hast climbed so high,
 to lead with Him so queenly a life.
 Full many a fair one, with maidenhood crowned,
 hath lived for Christ's sake in great toil,
 yet thou hast routed these dear ones all,
 and from that marriage hast hindered them,
 all save thyself so brave and strong,—
 thou peerless maiden with ne'er a spot.'*

*' SPOTLESS,' quoth that blissful queen,
 'unblemished I am, with ne'er a stain ;
 this may I with grace avouch ;
 but His peerless queen—that said I ne'er ;
 we all are blissful brides of the Lamb,
 a hundred and forty thousand, iwis,
 as in the apocalypse it is seen ;
 Saint John beheld them in a throng ;
 on the hill of Zion, that beauteous spot,
 the apostle beheld them, in dream divine,
 arrayed for the bridal on that high hill,—
 the city of New Jerusalem.*

§ XIV

67 ‘ **O**F Jherusalem I in speche spelle.
If thou wyl know what-kyn he be,
My lombe, my lorde, my dere juelle,
My joy, my blys, my lemman fre,
The profete ysaye of hym con melle,
Pitously of hys debonerté,
That gloryus gyltlez that mon con quelle,
With-oute any sake of felonye,
As a schep to the slaght ther lad wacz he,
And as lombe that clypper in lande nem,
So closed he hys mouth fro uch query,
Quen Juez hym jugged in Jherusalem.

68 ‘ **I**N Jherusalem wacz my lemman slayn,
And rent on rode with boyez bolde ;
Al oure balez to bere ful bayn,
He toke on hymself our carez colde ;
With boffetez wacz hys face flayn,
That wacz so fayr on to byholde ;
For synne he set hymself in vayn,
That never hade non hymself to wolde ;
For uus he lette hym flyghe and folde
And brede upon a bost-wys bem,
As meke as lomb that no playnt tolde,
For uus he swalt in Jherusalem.

'NOW speak I of Jerusalem.

*If thou wouldst know what kind He be,
my Lamb, my Lord, my dearest jewel,
my joy, my bliss, my noble love,
the prophet Isaiah spake of Him,
full piteously of His goodness,
whom glorious and guiltless they did to death,
faultless of all crime and sin.*

*As a sheep to the slaughter He was led,
as a lamb that the shearer hath seized in the field,
He closed His mouth 'gainst questioning,
when judged by Jews in Jerusalem.*

*'IN Jerusalem was my true love slain,
and rent on the rood, by boisterous churls ;*

*full ready was He to bear our bales,
and took on Him our cares so cold ;
His face was all with buffets flayed,
once so fair to look upon :*

*for sin He set Himself at nought,
that ne'er wrought any sin Himself :*

*for us He let men flay Him and bind Him,
and stretch Him on a rugged rood ;
as meek as a lamb, without complaint,
for us He died in Jerusalem.*

69 ' **J**HERUSALEM, Jordan and galalye,
Ther as baptysed the goude saynt Jon,
His wordez acorded to ysaye ;
When Jhesus con to hym warde gon,
He sayde of hym thys professye,
' Lo ! godez lombe as true as ston,
That docz away the synnez dryghe,
That alle thys worlde hacz wroght upon.'
Hymself ne wroghte never yet non,
Whether on hymself he con al clem,
Hys generacyoun quo recen con,
That dyghed for uus in Jherusalem ?

70 ' **I**N Jherusalem thus my lemman swete,
Twyez for lombe wacz taken there,
By tru recorde of ayther prophete,
For mode so meke and al hys fare ;
The thryde tyme is ther-to ful mete
In apokalypez wryten ful yare.
In mydez the trone there sayntez sete,
The apostel Johan hym sagh as bare,
Lesande the boke with levez sware,
There seven syngnettez wern sette in-seme,
And at that syght uche douth con dare,
In helle, in erthe, and Jherusalem.

*' A T Jerusalem, Jordan, and Galilee,
the good Saint John gave baptism :
his words accorded with Isai^{ah}'s :
when Jesu Christ came him toward,
he spake of Him this prophecy :—
' Lo, God's lamb as true as stone,
that shall withdraw anon the sins
that all upon this world have wrought.'
Yet He Himself wrought ne'er one sin,
though He laid claim to all,
His generation who can count,
that died for us in Jerusalem ?*

*' I N Jerusalem thus my true love sweet
twice was counted as a lamb,
by the record true of the prophets twain,
because of His meekness and gentle mood.
The third time eke accorded well,
as 'twas writ of yore in Apocalypse :
in the midst of the thrones where sat the saints
the apostle John saw Him clearly, too,
opening the book with pages square,
and seven seals were set thereon,
and at the sight the doughty quaked
in hell, in earth and Jerusalem.*

71 ‘ **T**HYS Jherusalem lombe hade never pechche § XV
 Of other huee bot quyt jolyf,
 That mot ne maskle moght on streche
 For wolle quyte so ronk and ryf,
 For-thy uche saule that hade never teche,
 Is to that lombe a worthyly wyf ;
 And thagh uch day a store he feche,
 Among uus commez non other strot ne stryf ;
 Bot uchon enle we wolde were fyf,
 The mo the myryer, so god me blesse.
 In compayny gret our luf con thryf,
 In honour more and never the lesse.

72 ‘ **L**ASSE of blysse may non uus bryng
 That beren thys perle upon oure bereste ;
 For thay of mote couthe never mynge,
 Of spotlez perlez thay beren the creste ;
 Al-thagh oure corses in clottez clynge,
 And ye remen for rauthe wythouten reste,
 We thurgh-outly haven cnawying ;
 Of on dethe ful oure hope is drest ;
 The lombe uus gladez, oure care is kest ;
 He myrthez uus alle at uch a mes ;
 Uchonez blysse is breme and beste,
 And never onez honour yet nevertheles.

*THIS Lamb of Jerusalem had ne'er a spot
of other hue save winsome white,*

§ XV

*stain nor blemish might ne'er touch
wool so white, so rich and rare ;
wherefore every spotless soul
is for that Lamb a worthy bride ;
and though each day He bring a many,
'mong us comes ne'er hate nor strife ;
we would fain each one were five,
the more the merrier, so God me bless ;
our love can thrive amid so many,
our glory the more, but never less.*

*NONE may bring less bliss to us,
who bear this pearl upon our breasts ;
they who ne'er mingled with any stain,
bear now the flower of flawless pearls ;
and though our corses rot in earth,
and ye cry for ruth unceasingly,
yet have we knowledge of all, throughout ;
from one death all our hope doth come.*

*Us gladdens the Lamb, our care is cast ;
He gladdens us all at every meal ;
of each the bliss is fairest and best,
yet no one's worship is e'er the less.*

73 ' **L** EST les thow leve my tale farande,
In appocalyppece is wryten in wro :—
'I seghe,' says Johan, 'the lombe hym stande,
On the mount of syon ful thryven and thro,
And wyth hym maydennez an hundrethethowsande,
And fowre and forty thowsande mo ;
On alle her forhedez wryten I fande,
The lombez nome, hys faderez also.
A hue fro heven I herde thoo,
Lyk flodez fele laden, runnen on resse,
And as thunder throwez in torrez blo,
That lote I leve wacz never the les.

74 ' **N** AUTHELES thagh hit schowted scharpe
And ledden loude al-thagh hit were,
A note ful newe I herde hem warpe ;
To lysten that wacz ful luffly dere ;
As harporez harpen in her harpe,
That newe songe thay songen ful cler.
In sounande notez con a gentyl carpe,
Ful fayre the modez thay fonge in fere.
Ryght byfore godez chayere,
And the fowre bestez that hym obes,
And the alder-men so sadde of chere,
Her songe thay songen never-the-les.

*'L*EST thou think my tale but specious,
in *Apocalypse* a verse is writ :—
'I saw,' says John, 'where stood the Lamb,
on the mount of Zion, so wise and good,
and with Him maidens a hundred thousand,
and four and forty thousand more ;
writ on the foreheads of all I found
the name of the Lamb, and His Father's like.
A voice from heaven heard I then,
like many floods laden and rushing on,
like thunder hurled against pale towers ;
that sound, I trow, was none the less.

*'N*E'ERTHELESS though deep that sound,
though loud the voice that echoed thence,
I heard them raise a song full new ;
to hear that song was blissful joy ;
as harpers harp upon their harps,
they sang that song so tunelessly ;
one maiden led in accents clear ;
sweetly in chorus they caught the strain ;
and e'en before the chair of God,
and those four beasts that own His sway,
and the elders all, so staid of cheer,
sang they their song ne'ertheless.

75 ' **N**OWTHELESE non wacz never so quoynt,
For alle the craftez that ever thay knewe,
That of that songe myght synge a poynt,
Bot that meyny the lombe thay sue,
For thay arn boght fro the urthe aloynte,
As newe fryt to god ful due,
And to the gentyl lombe hit arn anjoynt,
As lyk to hymself of lote and hue ;
For never lesyng ne tale untrue,
Ne towched her tonge for no dysstresse.
That moteles meyny may never remewe,
Fro that maskelez mayster nevertheles.'

76 ' **N**EVERTHELES let be my thonc,'
Quod I, 'my perle thagh I appose,
I schulde not tempte thy wyt so wlonc,
To krystez chambre that art ichose ;
I am bot mokke and mul among,
And thou so ryche a reken rose,
And bydez here by thys blysful bonc,
Ther lyvez lyste may never lose.
Now hynde that sympelnesse conez enclose,
I wolde the aske a thyng expresse,
And thagh I be bust-wys as a blose,
Let my bone vayl never the lese.

*' YET was there ne'er a wight so wise,
for all the cunning that he knew,
that of that song might sing a note,
save all the host that follows the Lamb ;
for they are redeemed afar from earth,
as firstfruits wholly due to God,
and they are joined to the gentle Lamb,
for they favour Him in hue and look ;
for never lying nor tale untrue
have touched their tongues, for no constraint ;
to their spotless lord that spotless host
may ne'er be linked the less.'*

*' NATHLESS, my pearl, I give thee thanks ;
quoth I, ' though still I question thee ;
I should not try thy noble mind,
thou chosen one of the chamber of Christ ;
I am but ashes, and dwell 'mid dust,
and thou art so rich and so fair a rose,
and bidest by this blissful bank
where life's delight may ne'er be lost.*

*Thou gracious, so simple-hearted of yore,
I fain would ask thee but one thing ;
and though I be mannerless as a churl,
let my prayer avail, nevertheless.*

77 'NEVERTHELESE cler I yow by-calle; § XVI

If ye con se hyt be to done,
As thou art gloryous withouten galle,
With-nay thou never my ruful bone.
Haf ye no wonez in castel walle,
Ne maner ther ye may mete and won?
Thou tellez me of Jherusalem the ryche ryalle,
Ther david dere wacz dyght on trone,
Bot by thyse holtez hit con not hone,
Bot in Judee hit is that noble note;
As ye ar maskelez under mone,
Your wonez schulde be wythouten mote.

78 'THYS motelez meyny thou conez of mele,
Of thousandez thryght so gret a route,

A gret cete, for ye arn fele,
Yow byhod have withouten doute;
So cumly a pakke of joly juele,
Wer evel don schulde lygh ther-oute;
And by thyse bonkez ther I con gele
I se no bygyng nawhere aboute.
I trowe al-one ye lenge and loute,
To loke on the glory of this gracious gote;
If thou hacz other lygynggez stoute,
Now tech me to that myry mote.'

*'NATHLESS I beseech thee fair,
 if thou see it may be done,
 as thou art glorious and unstained,
 deny not, in pity, this boon.
 Dwell ye not in castle-walls ?
 Have ye no manor wherein ye meet ?
 Thou namedst Jerusalem's royal realm,
 where David dear was dight on throne :
 it cannot be these holts anigh ;
 that noble city is in Judæa ;
 as ye are spotless 'neath the moon,
 your homes I ween should know no spot.*

*'THIS spotless band thou spakest of,
 this throng of thousands, this mighty host,
 lo, ye would need, without a doubt,
 a spacious city, so many ye be.
 So comely a pack of joyous jewels
 'twere perilous to leave without,
 but where'er I gaze upon these banks,
 I see not a dwelling anywhere.
 I trow ye but linger here about,
 to look on the glory of this fair stream ;
 if thou hast dwelling firm and fast,
 lead me to that joyous spot.'*

79 ' **T**HAT mote thou menez in Judy londe,
That specyal spyce then to me spakk,
' That is the cyte that the lombe con
To soffer inne sor for manez sake,
The olde Jherusalem to under-stonde,
For there the olde gulte wacz don to slake,
Bot the newe that lyght of godez sonde,
The apostel in apocalyppe in theme con take.
The lombe ther, withouten spottez blake,
Hacz feryed thyder hys fayre flote,
And as hys flok is withouten flake,
So is hys mote withouten moote.

80 ' **O**F motes two to carpe clene,
And Jherusalem hyght bothe nawtheles,
That nys to yow no more to mene,
Bot cete of god other syght of pes.
In that on oure pes wacz mad at ene,
With payne to suffer the lombe hit chese,
In that other is noght bot pes to glene,
That ay schal laste withouten reles ;
That is the borch that we to pres,
Fro that oure flesch be layd to rote ;
Ther glory and blysse schal ever encres,
To the meyny that is withouten mote.'

*'THE spot thou meanest in Judæa,
that peerless creature made reply
'is the city that the Lamb approached,
to suffer there sore for the sake of man,—
the Old Jerusalem, iwis,
for there the old guilt was assoiled ;
but the New, come down by God's own word,
was the Apostle's theme in Apocalypse.*

*There that Lamb, with no black stain,
bore thither His beauteous throng ;
His flock is all without a fleck,
and without a speck is His spot.*

*'CERTES, of cities twain we speak,
and yet hight both Jerusalem,
which meaneth for thee nothing else,
but City of God or Sight of Peace ;
in the first, our peace was made at one,—
the Lamb chose there to suffer pain ;
in the other is nought but peace to glean,
that aye shall last unceasingly.*

*This is the bourn to which we press,
whenas our flesh is left to rot.*

*There glory and bliss shall ever increase
for all that spotless host.'*

81 ‘**M**OTELEZ may so meke and mylde,’
 Then sayde I to that lufly flor,
 ‘Bryng me to that bygly bylde,
 And let me se thy blysful bor.’
 That schene sayde, that god wyl schylde;
 ‘Thou may not enter withinne hys tor;
 Bot of the lombe I have the aquylde
 For a syght therof thurgh gret favor.
 Ut-wyth to se that clene cloyster
 Thou may; bot in-wyth not a fote,
 To strech in the strete thou hacz no vygour,
 Bot thou wer clene with-uten mote.

82 ‘**I**F I this mote the schal unhyde, § XVII
 Bow up towarde thys bornez heued,
 And I anendez the on thys syde
 Schal sue, tyl thou to a hil be weved.’
 Then wolde I no lenger byde,
 Bot lurked by launcez so lufly leved,
 Tyl on a hyl that I asspyed,
 And blusched on the burghe, as I forth dreved,
 By-yonde the brok, fro me ward keved,
 That schyrrer then sunne with schaftez schon;
 In the apokalypce is the fasoun preved,
 As devysez hit the apostel Johñ.

*'SPOTLESS maid so meek and mild,'
then said I to that flower so fair,
'bring me to that noble place,
and let me see thy blissful bower.'
Said that glory, whom God will shield,—
'Within His tower thou mayst not come,
but I have gotten thee from the Lamb
a sight thereof, by special grace.*

*That cloister so clean thou may'st see without,
but within it—thy vigour availeth not
to enter His city's street one foot,
save thou wert spotless and clean.*

*'IF thou wouldst fain behold this burgh,
bend toward this river's head,—
I, opposite thee, upon this bank,
shall follow,—till thou comest in sight of a hill.'
No longer would I tarry then ;
I stole through thickets so thickly leaved ;
when, lo ! as I hastened on my way,
I espied a hill, and beheld the burgh.*

*Far from my reach, the brook beyond,
it shone more radiant than the sun :
in the Apocalypse is its fashion proved,
as John the Apostle doth picture it.*

§ XVII

83 **A**S Johā the apostel sygh with syght,
 I syghe that cyty of gret renoun,
Jherusalem so newe and ryally dyght,
As hit wacz lyght fro the heven adoun.
The borgh wacz al of brende golde bryght,
As glemande glas burnist broun,
With gentyl gemmez an-under pyght ;
With bantelez twelve on basyng boun ;
 The foundementez twelve of riche tenoun ;
 Uch tabelment wacz a serlypez ston ;
 As derely devysez this ilk toun
 In apocalyppez the apostel Johā.

84 **A**S Johā thise stonez in writ con nemme,
 I knew the names after his tale ;
Jasper hyght the fyrste gemme,
That I on the fyrste basse con wale,
He glente grene in the lowest hemme.
Saffer helde the secounde stale,
The calsydoyne thenne withouten wemme,
In the thryde table con purly pale ;
 The emerade the furthe so grene of scale ;
 The sardonysse the fyfthe ston ;
 The sexte the rybe he con hit wale,
 In the apocalyppe the apostel Johā.

*AS John the Apostle beheld it then,
I saw that city of noble fame,—
Jerusalem so new, so royally dight,
as it was come from heaven adown.
The city was all of burnished gold,
burnished bright as gleaming glass,
with glorious gems beneath it set,
and pillars twelve on bases reared,—
foundations twelve, with tenons rich,
and every slab a special stone,—
as in the Apocalypse this same burgh
John the Apostle doth picture so well.*

*AS John in his book hath named these stones,
I knew their names, as he numbereth them.
Jasper hight the first gem there ;
on the first foundation I saw it anon,
on the lowest base it glistened green.
Sapphire held the second place ;
the chalcedony then, with ne'er a spot,
gleamed on the third slab pale and pure ;
the emerald fourth, so green of shade,
the fifth stone was the sardonyx ;
the ruby sixth ; in the Apocalypse
John the Apostle discerned it well.*

85 **Y**ET joyned Johñ the crysolyt,
 The seventhe gemme in fundament ;
 The aghtthe the beryl cler and quyt ;
 The topasye twynne-how the nente endent ;
 The crysopase the tenthe is tyght ;
 The jacyngh the enleventhe gent ;
 The twelfth the gentyleste in uch a plyt,
 The amatyst purple with ynde blente ;
 The wal abof the bantels bent,
 O jasporye, as glas that glysnande schon;
 I knew hit by his devysement,
 In the apocalyppez the apostel Johñ.

86 **A**S Johñ devysed yet sagh I thare,—
 Thise twelve degres wern brode and stayre ;
 The cyte stod abof ful sware,
 As longe as brode as hyghe ful fayre ;
 The stretez of golde as glasse al bare ;
 The wal of jasper that glent as glayre ;
 The wonez with-inne enurned ware
 Wyth alle kynnez perre that moght repayre.
 Thenne helde uch sware of this manayre,
 Twelve forlonge space er ever hit fon,
 Of heght, of brede, of lenthe to cayre,
 For meten hit sygh the apostel Johñ.

*T*O these joined John the chrysolite,
the seventh of those foundation-stones ;
the eighth the beryl so white and clear ;
the twin-hued topaz was set there ninth ;
the chrysoprasus came then tenth ;
eleventh gleamed the jacinth fair,
the twelfth, the goodliest in each plight,
the amethyst, purple with blue of Inde.

*The wall above the pillars bent
was all of jasper that gleamed as glass ;
I knew it from the Apocalypse,
as John the Apostle hath pictured it.*

*A*S John hath pictured, I saw withal,—
broad and steep were those twelve steps ;
the city stood above full square,
the length as great as breadth and height ;
with streets of gold as clear as glass ;
with wall of jasper ; as amber it gleamed.
The mansions there were all adorned
with each kind of jewel that might be found.

*Each side of that square city held
twelve furlongs' space, ere ever it ceased,
in height, in breadth, and eke in length,
as saw it measured the Apostle John.*



S Johā hym wrytez yet more I syghe,— § XVIII

Uch pane of that place had thre yatez,
 So twelve in pourseut I con asspye,
 The ortaltez pyked o ryche p atez,
 And uch yate of a margyrye,
 A parfyt perle that never fatez ;
 Uchon in scrypture a name con plye,
 Of Israel barnez folewande her datez,
 That is to say as her byrth-whatez ;
 The aldest ay fyrst theron wacz done.
 Such lyght ther lemed in alle the stratez,
 Hem nedde nawther sunne ne mone.



F sunne ne mone had thay no nede ;
 The self god wacz her lompe lyght ;
 The lombe her lantyrne withouten drede ;
 Thurgh hym blysned the borch al bryght.
 Thurgh woghe and wone my loking yede,
 For sotyle cler noght lette no lyght ;
 The hyghe trone ther moght ye hede
 With all the apparaylmente umbe-pyghte,
 As Johā the apostel in termmez tyghte ;
 The hyghe godez self hit set upone.
 A rever of the trone ther ran out-ryghte,
 Wacz bryghter then bothe the sunne and mone.

*AS John doth write, yet saw I more,—
 on each side of that burgh three gates,
 yea, twelve in order I espied,
 the portals decked with plates full rich,
 and each gate was a single pearl,—
 a perfect pearl that never dims.
 Each bore thereon a name inscribed
 of Israel's children, in order of time,
 that is to say, as their births befell,
 aye the elder came the first.
 Such light there gleamed in all the streets,
 no need was there of sun or moon.*

*O F sun or moon had they no need ;
 God's self was there the lamp so bright ;
 the Lamb their lantern that never failed ;
 through Him the city brightly gleamed ;
 through wall and mansion pierced my gaze,—
 nothing there hindered, all was so clear.
 The high throne there ye might have seen,
 engirt with all the fair array,
 as John the Apostle described in words ;
 and thereon sat high God Himself.
 A river from that throne ran out ;
 'twas brighter than both sun and moon.*

89 **S**UNNE ne mone schon never so swete,
As that foyssoun flode out of that flet,
Swythe hit swange thurgh uch a strete,
Withouten fylthe other galle other glet.
Kyrk therinne wacz non yete,
Chapel ne temple that ever wacz set;
The almyghty wacz her mynyster mete,
The lombe the sakerfyse ther to reget ;
The yates stoken wacz never yet,
Bot ever more upen at uche a lone ;
Ther entrez non to take reset,
That berez any spot an-under mone.

90 **T**HE mone may ther of acroche no myghte ;
To spotty ho is ; of body to grym ;
And also ther ne is never nyght,
What schulde the mone ther compas clym,
And to even wyth that worthy lyght,
That schynez upon the brokez brym ?
The planetez arn in to pouer a plyght,
And the selfe sunne ful fer to dym.
Aboute that water arn tres ful schym,
That twelve frytez of lyf con bere ful sone,
And twelve sythez on yer thay beren ful frym,
And renowlez newe in uche a mone.

SUN nor moon shone ne'er so bright,
as that rich flood that flowed from thence,
swiftly surging through the streets,
all free from filth and mud and mire.
Church therein was none to see ;
chapel nor temple was ne'er raised there ;
the Almighty was the minster meet,
the Lamb the sacrifice there to redeem.

The portals never yet were shut,
but evermore open at every lane ;
none enters there to take abode,
that beareth spot beneath the moon.

THE moon may there nowise avail ;
too flecked it is ; too wan an orb ;
yea, as ne'er night is in that burgh,
why should the moon climb there its course,
and rival there that noble light,
that shineth on that river's banks ?
The planets' glory is all too poor,
and the sun itself is all too dim.

About that water are trees so fair,
that quickly bear twelve fruits of life ;
twelve times each year they blossom forth,
and renew their fruit at every moon.

91 **A** NUNDER mone so gret merwayle
No fleschly hert ne myght endeure,
As quen I blusched upon that baly,
So ferly therof wacz the fasure.
I stod as styлле as dased quayle,
For ferly of that freuch figure,
That felde I nawther reste ne travayle,
So wacz I ravyste wyth glymme pure ;
For I dar say, with conciens sure,
Hade bodyly burne abiden that bone,
Thagh alle clerkez hym hade in cure,
His lyf wer loste an-under mone.

92 **R** YGHT as the maynful mone con rys, § XIX
Er thenne the day-glem dryve al doun,
So sodanly on a wonder wyse,
I wacz war of a prosessyoun.
This noble cite of ryche enpryse
Wacz sodanly ful, withouten sommoun,
Of such vergyneze in the same gyse
That wacz my blysful anunder croun,
And coronde wern alle of the same fasoun,
Depaynt in perlez and wedez quyte ;
In uch-onez breste wacz bounden boun,
The blysful perle with gret delyt.

*B*ENEATH the moon no heart of flesh
might e'er have borne a marvel so great,
as I, when I gazed upon that burgh,—
so wondrously fair was the fashion thereof.
I stood as still as a dazzled quail,
in wonder of that beauteous form :
Nor rest nor travail felt I then,
so was I ravished with that pure light.

For I dare say, with conscience pure,
had body of mortal endured that boon,
though all the world's clerks had had him in cure,
his life were lost beneath the moon.

*A*S when the mighty moon hath risen,
ere that the gleam of day hath set,
so, suddenly, in wondrous wise,
I was ware of a procession there.
This noble city of rich renown,
was suddenly, without summons, full
of maidens all in that same guise,
as was my blest one 'neath her crown ;

and crowned were all in self-same fashion,
arrayed in pearls and robes of white ;
on each one's breast was fastened firm
that winsome pearl of great delight.

§ XIX

93 **W**ITH gret delyt thay glod in-fere
 On golden gatez that glent as glasse ;
Hundreth thowsandez I wot ther were,
And alle in sute her livrez wasse ;
Tor to know the gladdest chere.
The lombe byfore con proudly passe,
Wyth hornez seven of red golde cler,
As praysed perlez his wedez wasse.
 Towarde the throne thay trone a tras ;
 Thagh thay wern fele no pres in plyt,
 Bot mylde as maydenez seme at mas ;
 So drogh thay forth with gret delyt.

94 **D**ELYT that ther his come encroched,
 To much hit were of for to melle ;
Thise alder-men quen he aproched,
Grovelyng to his fete thay felle ;
Legyounes of aungelez togeder voched,
Ther kesten ensens of swete smelle ;
Then glory and gle wacz newe abroched ;
Al songe to love that gay juelle.
 The steven moghtstryke thurgh the urthe tohelle,
 That the vertues of heven of joye endyte ;
 To love the lombe his meyny in melle,
 Iwysse I laght a gret delyt.

*WITH great delight they fared together
through golden streets that shone as glass ;
hundred thousands were there, I wot,
and all alike was their array ;
'twere hard to choose the gladdest there.
Before them proudly passed the Lamb,
with seven horns of clear red gold,
with weeds most like to precious pearls.
Toward the throne they wended their way,
though they were many no pressing was there,
but mild as maidens seen at mass,
so drove they forth with great delight.*

*SUCH delight His coming brought,
too much it were to tell thereof ;
those elders all when He approached,
prostrate at His feet fell low ;
legions of angels, summoned thither,
scattered there incense of sweetest smell ;
then glory and glee was raised anew ;
all sang to praise that blissful jewel.
The strain might echo through earth to hell,
that the heavenly hierarchies raise in their joy ;
to praise the Lamb in the midst of His host,
iwis I won a great delight.*

95 **D**ELIT the lombe for to devise,
 With much mervayle in mynde went.
Best wacz he, blythest and moste to pryse,
That ever I herde of speche spent ;
So worthly whyt wern wedez hys ;
His lokez symple, hym-self so gent ;
Bot a wounde ful wyde and weete con wyse,
Anende hys hert thurgh hyde to-rent ;
 Of his quyte syde his blod out-sprent.
 Alas ! thoght I, who did that spyt ?
 Ani breste for bale aght haf for-brent,
 Er he ther-to hade had delyt.

96 **T**HE lombe delyt non lyste to wene ;
 Thagh he were hurt and wounde hade,
In his sembelaunt wacz never sene ;
So wern his glentez glorious glade.
I loked among his meyny schene,
How thay wyth lyf wern last and lade,
Thenne sagh I ther my lyttel quene,
That I wende had standen by me in sclade.
 Lorde ! much of mirthe wacz that ho made,
 Among her ferez that wacz so quyt !
 That syght me gart to think to wade,
 For luf-longyng in gret delyt.

***D**ELIGHT and great marvel stirred my mind,
as I strove to picture that Lamb aright ;
best was He, blithest, and most to prize,
that e'er I heard described in speech ;
so winsomely white was His array ;
His looks so simple, Himself so calm ;
but a wound full wide and wet was seen
anigh His heart through his sundered skin ;
from His white side His blood streamed forth.
Alas ! thought I, who did that spite ?
His breast should ere have burnt in bale,
ere he had found delight in that.*

***T**HE Lamb's delight none doubted there ;
though He were hurt and wounded sore,
nought thereof His semblance shewed,
such glorious joy was in His looks.
Then gazed I on His radiant host ;
lo ! life engirt them all about ;
there saw I then my little queen,
that I weened had stood near me in that glen.
Lord ! much of mirth was it she made !
Among her peers she was so fair !
That sight then made me long to cross,
for love-longing and great delight.*

97 **D**ELYT me drof in yghe and ere ; § XX
 My manez mynde to maddying malte ;
 Qnen I segh my frely I wolde be there,
 By-yonde the water thagh ho were walte ;
 I thoght that no-thing myght me dere,
 To fech me bur and take me halt ;
 And to start in the strem schulde non me stere,
 To swymme the remnaunt, thagh I ther swalte ;
 Bot of that munt I wacz bi-talt ;
 When I schulde start in the strem astraye,
 Out of that caste I wacz by-calt ;
 Hit wacz not at my prynceze paye.

98 **H**IT payed hym not that I so flonc
 Over mervelous merez, so mad arayed ;
 Of raas thagh I were rasch and ronk,
 Yet rapely ther-inne I wacz restayed ;
 For ryght as I sparred un-to the bonc,
 That bratthe out of my drem me brayde ;
 Then wakned I in that erber wlonk,
 My hede upon that hylle wacz layde,
 Ther as my perle to grounde strayd ;
 I raxled and fel in gret affray,
 And sykyng to myself I sayd :—
 ‘ Now al be to that prynceze paye.’

*D*ELIGHT possessed mine eye and ear ;
my mortal mind waxed well-nigh mad ;
when I saw my fair one I would be there,
though she were held beyond that stream.
I trowed that nought might serve me ill,
to rush on me and strike me halt ;
and if nought withstood me at the start,
I would swim the rest, though I perished there.

§ XX

But anon I was shaken from that resolve ;
when I wildly would dash into that stream,
I was called to myself from out that mood ;
it was not to my Prince's pleasance.

*I*T pleased Him not I should fling me thus,
so madly, o'er those wondrous meres ;
though onward I rushed, in headlong haste,
yet quickly was my rushing stayed ;
for e'en as I sped to that water's edge,
my haste aroused me from out my dream.
Then woke I in that arbour fair ;
my head upon that mound was laid,
there where my pearl had strayed below.
I roused me and fell in great dismay,
when sighing to myself I said :—
Now all be to that Prince's pleasance.'

99 **M**E payed ful ille to be out-fleme,
 So sodenly of that fayre regioun,
Fro alle tho syghtez so quyke and queme.
A longeyng hevy me strok in swone,
And rewfully thenne I con to reme :—
' O perle,' quod I, ' of rych renoun,
So wacz hit me dere that thou con deme
In thys veray avysoun.

 If hit be veray and soth sermoun,
 That thou so strykez in garlande gay,
 So wel is me in thys doel-doungeon,
 That thou art to that prynsez paye.'

100 **T**O that pryncez paye hade I ay bente,
 And yerned no more then wacz me geven,
And halden me ther in true entent,
As the perle me prayed that wacz so thryven,
At helde drawen to goddez present,
To mo of his mysterys I hade ben dryven.
Bot ay wolde man of happe more hente
Then moghten by ryght upon hem clyven ;
 Therfore my joye wacz sone to-riven,
 And I kaste of kythez that lastez aye.
Lorde ! mad hit arn that agayn the stryven,
Other proferen the oght agayn thy paye.

I T pleased me ill to be banished forth,
so suddenly, from that region fair,
from all those sights so lusty and blithe.

Sore longing o'ermastered me, I swooned,
and ruefully I cried aloud :—

'O Pearl,' quoth I, 'of rich renown,
how dear to me were the tidings, that thou
in this true vision didst declare !

And if the tale be verily true,
that thou thus farest richly crowned,
'tis well with me in this dungeon of woe,
that thou art to that Prince's pleasure.'

*T*O that Prince's pleasure had I still bowed,
and craved no more than was granted me,
and held me there with true resolve,
as that pearl besought me, that was so wise,—
then, drawn by grace to the presence of God,
to more of His mysteries had I attained ;
but man would ever win more bliss
than may pertain to him by right ;

therefore my joy was too soon riven,
and I cast forth from endless realms.

Lord ! mad are they that 'gainst thee strive,
or proffer thee aught against thy pleasure.

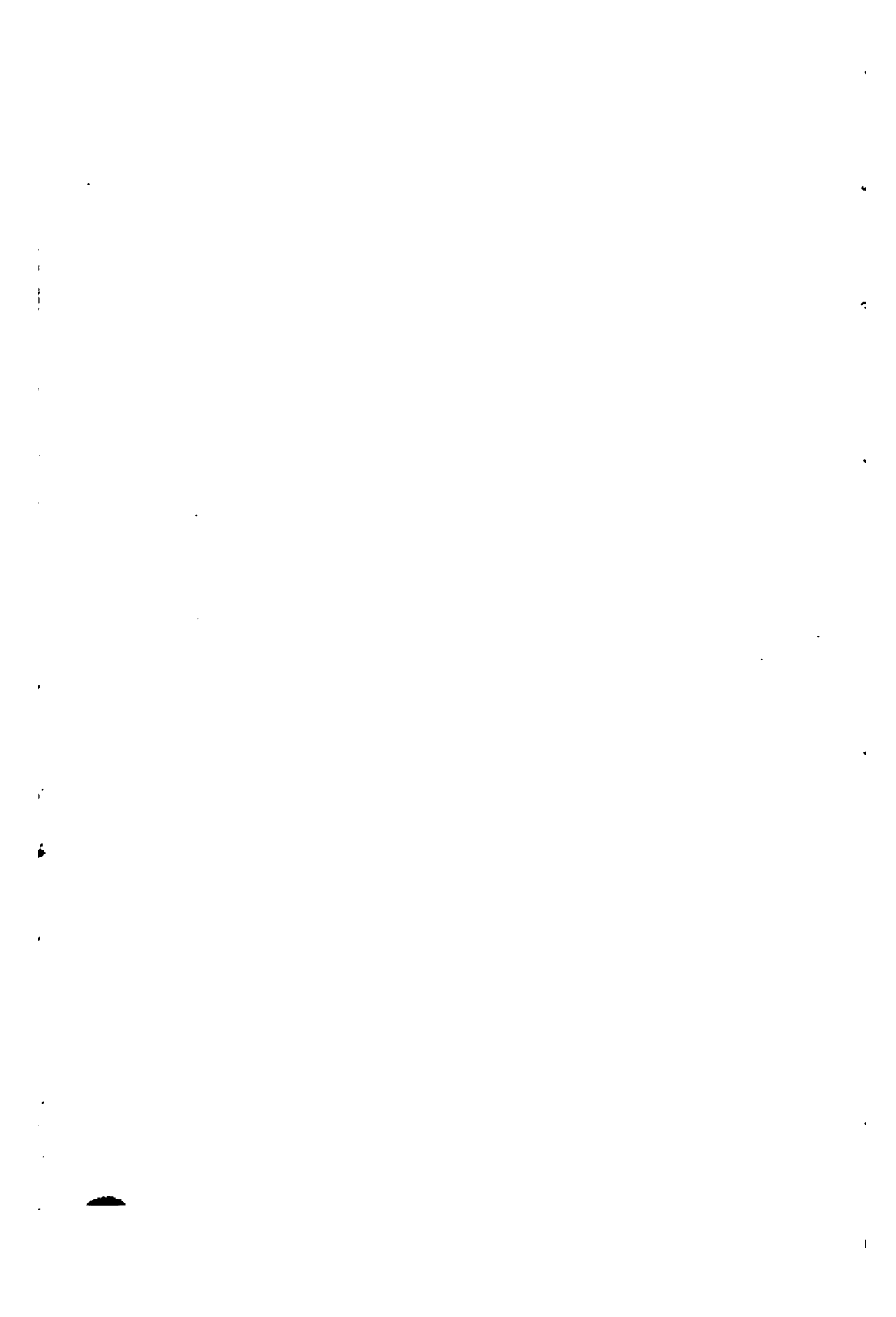
101 **T**O pay the prince other sete saghte,
Hit is ful ethe to the god krystyin ;
For I have founden hym bothe day and naghte,
A god, a lorde, a frend ful fyin.
Over this hyl this lote I laghte,
For pyty of my perl enclyin,
And sythen to god I hit by-taghte,
In krystez dere blessing and myn,
That in the forme of bred and wyn,
The preste uus schewez uch a daye ;
He gef uus to be his homly hyne,
And precious perlez unto his pay.
Amen. Amen.



*T*O please the Prince, to make peace with Him,
is easy, I trow, for the good Christian ;
yea, I have found Him, both day and night,
a God, a Lord, a friend full firm.
O'er that mound befell me this hap,
prone there for pity of my pearl ;
to God committed I then that gem,
in Christ's dear blessing and eke mine own,—
Christ that in form of bread and wine
the priest doth shew to us each day ;
He grant us to be His servants leal,
and precious pearls for His pleasance !

Amen. Amen.





CRITICAL NOTES

*'And for ther is so great diversitee
In English, and in writing of our tong,
So pray I God that none miswritte thee,
Ne thee mis-metre, for defaute of tong:
And red whereso thou be, or elles song,
That thou be understand, God I beseche.'*

CHAUCER, *Troilus*, v. 1807.

CRITICAL NOTES.¹

Stanza. Line.

1. 1. *to prynces paye*: the phrase probably implies 'for the Prince's (*i.e.* God's) delight'; cp. the refrains in § xx., and especially the last line of the whole poem:—

‘and precious perlex unto his pay.’

to . . . pay=for some one's pleasure, delight; this sense of the subs. 'pay' is derived from the verb 'to pay', O.F. *payer*, 'to satisfy'; I can find no instance in O.F. of the subs. with this meaning.

2. *to clanky clos*: lit. 'too cleanly enclosed' (*i.e.* for earthly existence). M. explains 'to' as 'very,' but this augmentative use of 'to' is anomalous. The line recalls Cromeke's Nithsdale song:—

‘She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwell in heaven;
Ye're *owre* pure, quo' the voice of God,
For dwelling out o' heaven.’

3. *hardly*: 'boldly'; O.F. *hardi* + English suffix *ly*; trisyllabic.
4. *her*: I have carefully avoided using the feminine pronoun in my rendering of the opening of the poem; the allegory should reveal itself gradually; hence '*her precious pere*'='a gem its peer'; '*I sette hyr sengeley in synglere*,' (l. 8)='I placed my pearl supreme'. For a similar reason I render *prynces* (see note above) by 'princes,' and 'to' by 'so.' It must be borne in mind, however, that the feminine pronoun would not strike a medieval reader as conspicuously as a modern one; but at the same time it is noteworthy that the poet frequently uses the indefinite *hit*, *e.g.* in ll. 11; 4. 5; etc.
6. *smal*: here, as often in Middle English, 'small' is probably used in the sense of 'slender'; (cp. German *schmal*).
8. *sengeley in synglere*: lit. 'alone in uniqueness.' *sengeley*; O.F. *sengle* + English suffix *y*; *i.e.* 'singly.' M. renders *sengeley* 'ever,' from A.S. *singalllice*, 'perpetually,' quoting '*Now is Susan in sale sengeliche arayed*' (Pistel of Susan), but *sengeliche* also here has the sense of 'singly,' *i.e.* 'uniquely.' *Synglere*; MS. *synglure*, but metre requires *-ere*. The word is anomalous; the usual form of the noun is *synglerty*, (cp. 36. 9).

¹ MS.=The unique manuscript of the Poem in the British Museum, Cotton Nero A x.
M.=‘Early English Alliterative Poems’ in the West Midland Dialect, edited by Dr. Richard Morris, 1864; Second Edition revised, 1869.

Stanza. Line.

10. *yot* = A.S. *geat* (pret. of *gitan*); cp. *yate* 87. 2, gate, = A.S. *geat*; see note 93. 2.
11. *deuine*: i.e. *dwine*, A.S. *dwiman*, 'to dwindle'; for the form, cp. *dowyne* (28. 2); *bereste* (72. 2). *fordokked* of *luf-daungere*; MS. *for dokked* of *luf daungere*; so M., glossing *for-dokked*, 'severely wounded', A.S. *dolc*, *dolh*, *dolg*, a wound; *dilgian*, to destroy'; but *dilgian* and *dolg* cannot be connected, and there is no recorded instance of a verb *dolcian*. It seems to me, that the burden of the verse is not the poet's pain, but his sense of loss; it is evident, too, that the refrain '*of that pryvy perle*' is in apposition to the words '*of luf daungere*'. I suggest *for-dokked* for *for-dokked*, seeing that in many Middle English MSS. it is difficult to distinguish the letters *lk* from *kk*, and that many 'ghost-words' have arisen from this source of confusion; (for a list of such 'ghost-words' see Prof. Skeat's paper in the *Trans. of the Philological Society*, 1886). I take *fordokked* to mean 'utterly bereft, deprived of.' It may be objected that *dokked*, which strictly means 'curtailed' (Icel. *dokkr*, 'a tail'), is hardly a fitting word for the poet's vocabulary, but the intensive prefix *for* may have dignified its usage, somewhat at least. *luf-daungere*, lit. 'love's dominion,' or, more strictly, 'love's power to harm'; *daungere*, O.F. *dangier*; L.L. *dominiarium*; the phrase, which translates the O.F. *dangier d'amour*, is here equivalent perhaps to 'love's sweet tyranny'; (cp. the character of 'Sir Daungere' in the 'Romaunt of the Rose'; the poet was a great reader of 'Clopigiel's clene rose'). The full force of the phrase is, I think, 'a dear treasure, the possession of which was fraught with so much anxious thought.'
12. *pryvy*: O.F. *privé*, 'intime', (cp. *pryvy* seal, etc.); hence 'one's own.'
2. 5. *That docz bot thrych my herte thrange*: MS. *hert*, but the metre requires *hertz*, cp. 5, 3; etc. There are some 60 or 70 instances of the sounding of the final *e* throughout the poem; most of these I have noted, in many cases restoring the metre of the line. A consideration of these instances leads me to the conclusion that, as far as this point is concerned, the dialect of the poem is an artificial one (see, too, note on *bayly*, 37. 10). I take *thrych* as a verb; A.S. *thryccan*, to press; and *thrang* as an adverb (cp. A.S. *thrang*, Icel. *thröngv*, 'thronged, crowded, tight'); 'thrang' is still common in the North of England in the sense of 'busy'; cp.
- 'Two dogs that were na thrang at hame.'
- BURNS, *The Two Dogs*.
- M. reads, *thrych my hert thrange*, making *thrych* = 'through', *thrang* = 'to pierce'; but *thrych* does not occur in this sense in any of the poems, and *thrang* cannot be equivalent to A.S. *thringan*, or Icel. *threngu*. *bolne* and *bele*, lit. 'to make to swell and to burn.' *bolne* = Icel. *bolgna*; *bele* = Icel. *béla*; (cp. A.S. *béla*).
8. *styllt stounde*: lit. 'the still time,' 'the silent hour.' M. misses the beauty of the line by making *stounde* = *stonde* 'blow,' and hence 'sorrow,' i.e. 'a secret sorrow.'
9. *fele*, 'many things': it is difficult to render the pregnant sense of the word; *mart* (neut. of *margr*, 'many'), is used similarly in Icelandic.
12. *spot*: MS. *spotte*.

Stanza. Line.

3. 2. *richés*; O.F. *richesse*; hence its accent.

to rôt: lit. 'to corruption.' M., evidently having in mind the Chaucerian '*pierced to the rôle*,' renders *rot* by 'root'; but cp. '*Fro that oure flesh be layed to rote*,' So. 10, and '*ther wace rose reflayr where rote hax ben ever*,' Cleanness, 1079.

The idea of this stanza and of the next is a favourite one with the poets:—

'And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring.' HAMLET, v. 2.

'And from his ashes may be made
The violets of his native land.' IN MEMORIAM, xviii.

runne: MS. *runnen*, a scribal error.

3. *blue*: MS. *blwe*.

5. *fede*: this cannot be '*faded*,' but must be the past participle of some Northern verb corresponding to Icel. *feýja*, 'to let decay.'

10. *foyly*: See note on *bayly*, 37. 10.

11. *spryngande*: MS. *sprygande* (for *sprýgande*); lit. 'so that sprouting herbs should not have sprung up.'

12. *spot*: MS. *spotte*.

4. 4. *crokes*: 'crook' is still used in the West of England for 'sickle,' or 'hook.'

5. *hit*: 'itself,' reflexive pronoun after *trendeled*.

7. *gromlyoun*: O.F. *gremillon*, (? *gromillon*), a diminutive of *gremil*, whence 'gromwell,' lithospermum. It is noteworthy that in the middle ages it was believed that the seed of the 'gromwell' resembled a pearl in form.

10. *a fayrré flayr*: MS. *fayr reflayr*; M. *fayre reflayr*. I propose the comparative *fayrré* as required by the sense; both *flair* and *reflayr* is used in Old French for 'fragrance'; there is, I think, a distinct gain in reading the former in this passage.

5. 1. *spenned*: so MS.; M. *spenned*; *spenned*=Icel. *spenn* (*spenna*, 'to span,' pp. *spennt*); cp. the phrase 'to clasp the hands round the neck,' '*spenna höndum um hals*'; A.S. *spannan* is a strong verb with pp. *spannen*, and cannot be the direct source of the word.

3. *herté*: MS. *hert*, but dissyllabic for the metre. Lit. 'a tumultuous grief abode in my heart.' *denned*, M.E. *dennien*, 'to dwell,' or *dunien*, 'to resound.'

4. Lit. 'though reason would set me at peace'; *saght*=A.S. *sæht* 'reconciled.'

5. *spenned*: not from A.S. *spanan* (*spón*, *spanen*), 'to allure,' as M. notes; it is probably the same word as *spenned*, 'clasped' (5. 1); the poet occasionally rhymes identical words; cp. e.g. *wasse*, 93. 4, 8; *yet*, 85. 5, 9.

6. *fyrte skyllex*: lit. 'timid reasons'; the phrase is, I think, equivalent to the modern 'dread doubt'; *fyrte*, A.S. *fyrht*, (pl. *fyrhte*), 'timid.' *fasté*: dissyllabic.

9. *flaght*: this word is still in use in the North of England for a 'flake' of snow, and in the form '*flauch*' for 'a piece of ground.' It is

Stanza. Line.

- the modern English '*flag*,' 'a paving-stone,' originally 'a slice of turf'; Icel. *flag*, 'a spot where a turf has been cut out'; *flaga*, 'a slab of stone.' In East Anglian *flag* is used of *turf* as well as *stone*. The *t* in the word is probably parasitic.
11. *sleepyng-slaghte*: M. *sleepyng slaghte*; but the MS. in this case joins the words with a hyphen; a most rare instance of its use in the MS. The word means lit. 'a sleep-stroke'; and the line is merely a poetical periphrasis for 'I fell asleep' (cp.; *in such slaghtes of sorge to slepe so faste*; Patience, 192).
12. *precios*: MS. *precos*; cp. *gracos*, 8. 11.
6. 1. *Fro spot my spyryt, etc.*: The stanza reminds one strikingly of *In Memoriam* xii., 'Lo, as a dove, when up she springs.'
8. *where rych rokkes*: with the first foot of the line monosyllabic, or perhaps *rychē* should be read, cp. 87. 4.
12. *adubbement*: MS. *adubmente*.
7. 3-8. Lit. :—
 'And woods and holts about them clung,
 with boles as blue as Indian hues;
 like burnished silver the leaves fell,
 that trembled thick on every branch;
 when the gleam of the glades struck full on them
 with shimmering light they brightly glistened.'
- ble of ynde*: lit. 'colour of Inde,' i.e. 'indigo blue.'
5. *onslides*: the prefix in this word probably = *an* = *and* (G. *ent*); the word perhaps means 'slides from off.' *lef*: plur. A.S. *leaf*.
10. *oryent*: MS. *oryente*.
11. *sunne*: (A.S. *sunnan*,) gen. of *sunne*.
blo and blynde: lit. 'pale and blind'; note the omission of the auxiliary before *bot*. Icel. *blindr* is used similarly in the sense of 'dark.'
8. 1. *adubbement*: MS. *adubmente*.
6. *huez*: MS. *hwex*.
7. *gyternere*: O.F. *guiterneur*, 'a player on the guitar'; M. glosses 'guiterre, guiterne, a gittern'; but the poet is speaking of the minstrel, not of the instrument.
11. *gracios*: MS. *gracos*; cp. *precos*; 5. 12. lit. 'to hear and see their glory.'
9. 1. *dubbet*: for *t=d*, cp. *abate* 52. 5; *kyntly* 58. 6: *lortship*, *Gawain*, 849.
4. *tongē*.
7. *feirer*: MS. *feier*, so M.; for the scribe's omission of *r*, cp. *tyste*, 39. 4; *stykez*, 99. 10; *tys*, 63. 11.
9. *revērez*, prob. used here in the special sense of 'hawking ground for waterfowl,' cp. G. *revier*: the phrase '*en reviere*' is common in Old French; (see Tyrwhitt's note on Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, v. 6466).
10. *bonkes*, MS. *bukes*.
10. 7. *As stremande*: MS. *a stremande*, for *a=as*. cp. 89. 2.
strothe men. I cannot agree to the suggested interpretations of this word; M. glosses 'stout, brave,' but gives no explanation. Strat-

Stanza. Line.

- mann refers it to Icel., *stroðinn*, which would give it the meaning of 'vile and base.' The word is, in my opinion, the Scandinavian *stráð*, pp. of *strá*, 'to cover with straw'; 'strawed' may mean 'thatched,' and 'strothe men' would then be 'men sleeping beneath their thatches,' or 'strawed' may mean 'strewn about the floor asleep.'
10. *gemmæ*: *gent*, MS. *gente*.
11. *loghe*.
11. 2. *wlonkæ*: MS. *wlonk*.
4. *fordidde*: MS. *fordidden*, so M.; but note *bylde*, etc., in singular. *stresse*, so MS.; M. reads unnecessarily [*dis*]trisse; *stresse* is not uncommon in the same sense.
8. *dryghly*, 'slowly'; not as M. 'rapidly'; 'dree' and 'dreesome' are still used in Lancashire in the sense of 'tedious,' 'monotonous.' 'Lancashire people talk of "dree rain," which often puzzles those who fancy *dree* is a corruption of "dry"; and they said it rains "closely," meaning that it is continuous and enduring.'—Rev. W. GASKELL, *Lect. on Lan. Dialect*, 1854. Icel. *drúgr*, 'lasting', Swed. *dryg* 'long'; A.S. *dréogan*, 'to endure.'
8. *hertæ*.
12. *hittæ*: I take this in sense of 'chances' (Icel. *hitta*), not as M. 'seeks.'
12. 4. *tenthæ*.
7. *I hoped*, 'I thought'; 'hope' is frequently used, thus in Early English.
8. *By-twenē myrthes by merex made*; lit., 'made by meres between mirths'; which I paraphrase 'a lake in the midst of a plesauce'; I suspect, however, that *myrthes* is used in some special sense here, 'joyous shores', probably.
10. *hoped*: MS. *hope*, M. *hopede*; for the omission of *d*, cp. 488.
that motæ: 'that' is here probably equivalent to the neuter def. art. and not the demons. pron. as M. translates it, ('that building'). *Mote*, 'castle,' 'burgh'; O.F. *mote*, 'a ditch or an elevation'; also a 'city on a hill.' I translate '*mote*' 'moat,' with its suggestion of 'castle'; cp. 78. 12; 79. 1; 79. 12, etc. for *mote* = 'city.'
12. *ay*: MS. *a*.
13. 4. *fyrre*.
6. *fonde*: A.S. *fandian*, 'to try.'
7. *wothes*, 'perils'; Icel. *vdði*; not, as M. glosses 'paths'; observe '*I schulde not wonde for wo*' (l. 9, 10); cp. *Gawain* 2488, *for wothe that he ne wonde*. '*wothe* = path', 32. 3.
10. *wymnæ*.
11. *newæ*: MS. *nwe*.
14. 7. *bleaunt*; a kind of tunic or upper garment; originally a rich stuff used for the garment; the *bliaut* of the Old French Romances, which came over the *pelisson* or *cotte*; here it all but covers the *cortel*; cp. note 14. 5.
9. *that man con schere*: lit. 'that one has refined'; *schere* is prob. of Scand. origin, cp. O. Swed. *skära*, O. Dan. *skære*, 'to purify'; Icel. *skær*, 'pure.'

Stanza. Line.

15. 1. *fyrr*.

2. *fonte*: pp. of *fonden* (A.S. *fandian*), 'to try to find out,' here, 'to survey,' 'scan.'

6. *baysment* = 'abaysment.'

8. *burre*: Icel. *byrr*, lit. 'a favourable wind'; hence, 'a strong wind,' 'an impetus,' 'a violent blow.'

9. *fyrr*.

11. *ful stray atount*: lit. 'astonished all abroad.' I take *stray* as an adv. for *astraye*, which form occurs in l. 97. 10. O.F. *estrais*, *estrayé*, 'strayed,' passed into English and was used as a predicative adjective, losing its *e* in the Northern dialects, later also as an adverb; the *a* in *astraye* is due to confusion with such forms as *afloat*, etc. *atount* = *astound*, i.e. *astoned*, pp. of M.E. *astone*; I have not inserted an *s* between *a* and *t*, as the form *atouner* is authorised in O.F. M. suggests '*ful stray a stount*' = 'a blow full stray'; but, apart from other considerations, *myn hert* is the direct object of *stonge*, and this reading would necessitate *with* before *ful*.

16. 1. Lit. 'More than was pleasing to me my dread arose.' I translate *me lyste* by 'my longing' to link the line with 15. 5: '*List con me enchace*,' i.e. 'Longing seized me.'

4. *hende*: 'courteous,' 'well-trained'; on the training of a hawk, see Juliana Barnes' *Treatise on Hawking*.

7-8. *Lest ho me eschaped that I ther chos,
Er I at steven hir moght stall;*

cp. Juliana Barnes' *Treatise*:—'And now take hed if your hawke nymme the foule at the ferre syde of the ryver,' etc. M. misses the metaphor, rendering *chos* 'was following,' 'was seeking,' and *at steven*, 'within reach of discourse'; the phrase means, I think, 'at a fixed spot,' 'within reach,' a hawking term, corresponding to the hunter's 'at bay'; '*steven*' in Early English means not only 'voice,' but also 'appointed place,' (cp. A.S. *gestefnian*); for '*stall*,' 'to fix,' in the sense of 'to hold secure,' preceded as here by '*chose*,' cp. :—

'Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stalled the deer that thou would'st strike.'

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, xix.

10. *seme slyght*: *seme* corresponds to the Icel. form *sæmi*, used in composition, cp. *sæmigr*, *sæmileikr*, *sæmileikr*, derived from the adj. *sæmr*, 'becoming,' 'fit.' It would, I think, be best to print *seme-slyght*, i.e. 'becomingly slender'; *seme* is not, as M. notes, a shortened form for '*semely*.'

12. *precios*, MS. *precos*.

pyece: so MS.; M. notes, 'MS. looks like *pyete*;' but there is absolutely no difference between *t* and *c* in the MS.

17. 4. *bydene*: 'quickly'; the etymology of this word is still unsolved; it is probable (as Prof. Skeat has recently pointed out), that the second half of the word is the past participle of the Northern *dæm* ('to do'); a seemingly parallel phrase existed in '*mid idone*.'

Stanza. Line.

17. 5. *beas mys*: M. reads *uiys*; the MS. will allow of either reading; it seems to me that the poet is speaking of some specific part of the dress; under any circumstances *uiys* is anomalous here, regarded as a misspelling for *uys* (*vys*), cp. 22. 2, 'visage,' even if by an extension of sense it may perhaps mean 'array'; I propose to read *mys* = *amys*, i.e. 'tunic'; there are two words 'amice' in English, the one equivalent to *amyt*, O.F. *amit*, L. *amictus*; the other to O.F. *aumusse*, *aumuce*, a word of doubtful origin; the two words were certainly confused by Wycliffe. The former means technically 'a square of white linen folded diagonally, worn by celebrant priests, formerly on the head, but now, by priests of the Church of Rome, about the neck and shoulders'; it is also used for a garment; Milton speaks of 'Aaron's linen amice.' The second of the two words, strictly used, applies to 'an article of costume of the religious orders made of, or lined with, grey fur,' but its usage varied at different periods. I am strongly inclined to think that the poet wrote *mys*, an aphetic form of *amys*, used for the upper portion of the dress described; a meaning easily evolved from the blending and confusion of the two words referred to. I cannot resist a reference to Milton's:—

'Morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray.'

6. *Upon*: 'open'; the form (cp. *uþen*, 89. 10) occurs several times in the Alliterative Poems and in *Gawain*.
9. *lappes*: A.S. *lappa* = 'a loose portion of a robe'; I take *lappes* here to mean 'sleeves,' and not as M. in the sense of 'borders.' I think, too, that the scribe took the word to apply to the long sleeves of the period; he is careful to portray this part of the costume in his illustration to the passage. Similarly, I would render *Gawain* 936, *The lord laches hym by the lappe*, 'the lord catches him by the sleeve, (not 'by the hem', as M.).
11. *her cortel of self sute*: 'her kirtle of the self-same suit, or fashion'; *of self-sute* is a common phrase in the Alliterative Poems, and means 'followed suit'; M. wrongly interprets 'sute' as a kind of stuff, noting in the margin 'Her kirtle is composed of "sute," ornamented with pearls'; cp. *alle in sute her leures wasse*, 93. 4. etc.
18. 5. *werle*: I know no other instance of this word in English; omitted by M. in his glossary and notes, it has passed unnoticed by scholars. I take it to be a French word of Germanic origin (? O.F. *guerle*), cp. M.H.G. *wirele*, 'an ornament made of wire work,' cp. *garland*, and note especially the remarkable use of the word in 99. 10.
6. *her herē heke al hyr umbegon*: MS. reads *her lere leke*; M. proposes *here heke*. Though I have adopted this reading in my text, I am suspicious of it, and propose:—

her here leke al hyr umbegon.

lit. 'her hair encircled her all about'; in another passage in the poem

Stanza. Line.

lere occurs instead of *here* (see note 52. 4); while *leke* is used in Gawain in a passage very parallel:—

Ho laht a lace that leke umbe hir syde, l. 1830.

'she took a lace that encircled (lit. fastened around her) side.' *al hyr umbegon*, 'gone all about her,' being a loose way of saying *al hyr umbe*, 'all about her.' *leke*, as a finite verb, can only be one of two words, the past of A.S. *lscan*, 'to lock,' or of Icel. *leika* (*lök*), 'to sway about,' 'to hang loosely,' 'to sport.' I should have preferred the latter of these (cp. l. 10, 'loose on her shoulders so softly they lay'), but that the parallel line from Gawain is strong evidence for the former.

10. *whallis-bone*; the tusk of the walrus; a frequent phrase in M. E. which survived to the end of the xviii century; trisyllabic even in Shakespeare, cp. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 332.

To show his teeth as white as whales bone,

so *F. 1*; 'whale his bone,' *F. 2*; *F. 3*; *F. 4*.

11. *Her depe colour yet wonted non*: lit. 'yet her (or their) deep colour needed naught,' i.e. 'was nowise inferior to.' I render 'their,' referring to *fax*, a singular noun with a plural idea; it seems to me a distinct loss to the beauty of the passage to take the word as the fem. possessive.

19. 1. *Pyght and poynded was uche a hemme*: MS. *pyght was poynded and uche*: but the difficulty of the line is obviously due to a scribal inversion of the words (cp. 45. 1).

7. *A mannes dom*: This use of *manes* in the sense of 'human,' 'mortal,' seems to have been idiomatic in Old English, cp. *my manes mynde*. *demme*=(?) A.S. *dimman*, 'to dim,' or (?) *demman*, 'to dam,' 'to check.'

8. *malte*: this word occurs in a number of phrases, and is, I think, nothing but A.S. *meltan* 'to melt,' 'to dissolve,' 'to digest'; it is important to note that the word in Icel. is used in a metaphorical sense as here, e.g. *eigi mun ek melta reiðs mina*, 'I could not melt my anger.' Cp. *my manes mynde to maddyng malte*, 97. 2, 'my mortal mind dissolved to madness.'

in hit mesure: *hit* as a genitive is common in the Alliterative Poems, and is still so used in the Lancashire dialect; lit. 'in its measure.'

9. *tong*: MS. *tong*, so M.

20. 1. *pyece*, MS. *pyse*: M. *þ[r]lyse*, but the rhymes *grece*, *necce* require 'pyece', similarly MS. *spyce* in l. 7 is emended by me into *spece*, the correct form of the word (O.F. *espèce*). Cp. Shakespeare's use of 'piece.'

21. 3. *by myn one*: not as M., 'by myself,' but 'by me so lone.' There was in Middle English an idiom of *one*, preceded by the possessive pronoun in the sense of 'lone,' 'solitary,' 'alone,' thus:—

to kayre al his one.—GAWAIN, 1048.

we bot oure one.—*ibid.* 1231 and 2245.

'Onely' is still used in the sense of 'lonely' in Lancashire, e.g.—

'Mon, aw'm *onely* when theaw art'nt theer.'—WAUGH's *Lanc. Songs*.

Stanza. Line.

21. 9. *wayned*, MS. *vayned*: cp. *vysf*, 65. 4, *vrycs*, 66. 5; *veved* 82. 4; prob. Icel. *vagna*, 'to proceed,' here *wayn* = 'to proceed,' 'to cause to come.'
10. *and don me*: the first foot trisyllabic with accent on *me*; lit. 'and cast me in this sorrow and sore trial.'
12. *jueler*, MS. *juelere*: This word has caused great trouble, being used rather in the sense of 'one loving a jewel,' than of a 'jeweller' in the ordinary acceptation of the term.
22. 10. *ner*, MS. *here*: but I hardly think the poet could have written *her-inne . . . ther . . . here*.
23. 3. *me thynk*: this is the usual phrase in the poem, cp. 27. 4; also *uns thynk*, 46. 12, 47. 1; one would expect *me thynkes*, i.e. 'it seems to me'; the form may be due to a confusion of the two constructions '*I thynk*,' and '*me thynkes*.'
4. Lit. 'and vexest thyself with but little reason.'
10. *Oght of noght* = *of noght oght*, 'of nothing at all.'
24. 8. *wony*: M. instances this word, together with *lowy*, *schony*, *styry*, as examples of the infinitive in *y*; but the *y* in all these cases does not represent the infinitive ending, but the secondary suffix *i* of A.S.; thus, *wony* = *wunian*, and so with the rest. M. also instances *spotty*, but see note on this word, 90. 2. I do not think it possible to adduce any instance of the Southern infinitive *y* throughout the poem.
10. *broght*, MS. *bryssē*, MS. *blys*, but metre requires dissyllable, cp. 34. 1.
25. 3. *at ene*, 'at once': A.S. *dne*, 'once,' cp. M.E. phrase *for ene*; see note on *enle*, 71. 9.
11. *thrydde*: probably dissyllabic, cp. 84. 8.
26. 2. *levez*, MS. *loves*; similarly in ll. 4, 8; that the correct reading is *levez* is clear from l. 11.
uncortoyse, MS. *uncortoyse*: but rhyme requires *-ayse*.
7. *westernays*: This word cannot be another form of 'western ways' as M. suggests, deriving it from A.S. *wēste*, 'barren,' 'empty'; *wēstern*, 'a desert place.' Had he suggested the ordinary word 'western' as its first component, the suggestion would have been plausible, but the ending of the words cannot be connected with '*ways*,' although the word is used as an adverbial ending Middle-English; here, however, the rhyme requires a different sound, viz., the French *ais*, *ays*, *eis*, or *és*. Now there existed in O.F. the word *bestorner*, *besturner*, 'to turn awry,' with its pp. *bestorné*, *bestornes*, *bestorneis*, 'turned awry'; its component parts are *bes*, a prefix with the force of 'ill,' 'badly,' and *tourner*, 'to turn'; the pp. *bestornes* was used in a very special sense for a thing turned wrongly towards the west, instead of towards the east; thus, a church of St. Benet in Paris was called '*Saint Beneois li bestornes*,' and its name is thus accounted for by a fourteenth century writer, "*quod ejus majus altare*

Stanza. Line.

tunc temporis spectaret Occidentem, cum ex ecclesiastica consuetudine Orientem spectare debuisset. Nunc contraria ratione dicitur S. Benoit le Bien tournee, quod ad Orientem translatus sit majus altare, cum instaurata est ecclesia."

From the use of the word in the Romannt of the Rose, it is clear, too, that popularly the word was used with the idea of 'turned towards the west.' It is an interesting fact that, in Teutonic languages, the equivalent for *bestornes*, viz., '*wider-sinnes*,' i.e. 'in a contrary direction' (cp. Icel. *sinni* = 'a way,' A.S. *sld*; O.H.G. *sin*), was used in exactly the same way for 'contrary to the course of the sun,' and in Northern English it is this word which appears in the strange guise of *widishins* (as in the tale of 'Childe Rowland'). My opinion is that the poet of the 'Pearl' tried to naturalise *bestornes* in English by changing it to an understandable form, viz., *westornays* or *westernays*; it is to be noted that he required a *w* word for alliteration, and the sound of Fr. *ex* for rhyme; *widishins* would have satisfied the alliteration, but not the rhyme; it is doubtful, however, whether this word was known to our poet. *Ye setten hys wordes ful westernays* may be compared with a parallel from Middle High German,

den namen er widersinnes las

i.e. 'he read the name backwards, perversely.'

26. 9. *is*: MS. *is* (i.e. *ins*), cp. *if* (i.e. *inf.*), 99. 9.

12. *deme*: MS. *dem*.

27. 1. *if thou con dayly*: M. reads 'if thou con, dayly'; but no interpretation is offered. I take the words to mean 'if thou hast dallied.' The etymology of *dally* is probably, O.F. *dallier*, 'to sport'; further, I would suggest as etymology for *dallier* the O.F. *dalle*, 'a tablet'; the earlier use of the word was, I think, 'to play dice'; hence 'to hazard words.' My note on *bayly* (37. 10) explains that here *dayly* is a monosyllable and should be written *dayle* rhyming with *bayle*, *fyale*, and *consayl*. This is what one would expect from *dallier*, which should give two forms in M.E., *dayle* or *dalte*; the scribe has blended the two in his spelling *dayly*.

3. *sayes*, MS. *sayez*: I propose *sayez* to avoid an accent on *scha* and *in*; I think the poet would have read:—

'*Thou sáyes, thóu schal wón in this báyle.*'

bayly: read *bayle* (see 37. 10).

4. *askē*.

10. *yorē*.

11. *Thurgh drury deth boz uch man*: MS. *ma* (for *mā* i.e. *man*); MS. *drury*; *boz* = 'behoves,' cp. M.E. *bus*.

28. 2. *dowyne*, cp. *dewyne* l. 11; evidently the *w* was not only vocalic but also diphthongic.

4. *I fyne*: not as M. 'I die'; but 'I cease' (my words).

29. 1. *Thow demex noght but doel dystresse*: i.e. *Thow demex dystresse noght but doel*.

3. *of lures lesse*: these words are to be construed either as parenthetical,

Stanza. Line.

- 'for a lesser loss' (lit. 'losses'), or as immediately dependent on *doel*, i.e. *doel of lures lesse*, 'grief for a moderate loss.'
29. 6. *in wele* : MS. *and*.
30. 1. *hym adyte* = *he hym adyte*; *hym* = 'himself'; *adyte* subj. of *adyten*, A.S. *adihtan*, 'to ordain,' cp. *hym wrytex*, 87. 1.
 3. Lit. 'Thy profits amount not to a mite.'
 5. *stynt* : MS. *stynst*.
 6. *sweſte* : so MS., not *sweste* as M.
 7. *byte* : lit. 'bite'; but its usage here is evidently due to the Scand. use of the word, in the sense of 'to avail,' 'to effect'; hence my rendering 'touch.'
10. Lit., 'and thy losses may lightly glint away'; of *lyghtly leme* = *lyghtly leme of* (i.e. *off*).
11. *for marred other madde, morne and mythe* : MS. reads *for marre other madde*; so M. who renders 'to ruin or make foolish.' I cannot but think that *marre* and *madde* are antithetical words, and that the clause is parallel to *morne and mythe*. Bearing in mind Shakespeare's favourite play of words on 'marred and made,' I propose to read *marred other madde* in this passage. There are several instances in the poem of the scribal omission of final *d*, and the spelling *madde* (= *mad*) can be explained as due to analogy with *marred*. In a phrase of this description the chief accent would naturally fall on the characteristic consonant of each word, i.e. *r* and *d* respectively, (but note the unnecessary doubling of consonant in *spakke*, 79. 2).
morne and mythe : lit. 'to mourn and to escape (i.e. from mourning)'; *mythe*, A.S. *niſthan*, 'to avoid'; hence, 'to escape from.'
 The line means 'whether a man is marred or made, whether 'tis sorrow or weal, all lies in Him,' etc. The infinitives *morne* and *mythe* may best be rendered as verbal substantives. Observe the monosyllabic foot (*mórne*) after the cæsura; cp. 60. 1.
31. 2. *no wrath unto* : MS. *wrath the unto*, so M.; but *the* is evidently due to a scribal repetition of the *th* in *wrath*; of similar repetitions there are several instances in the poem, cp. 45. 10.
 3. *rapely I rave*, MS. *rapely rave* : for omission of *I*, cp. 82. 5.
32. 3. *wothe* : 'path,' lit. 'pasturage'; A.S. *wáth*, cp. G. *weide*.
 9. *carpē* : so MS.; not *carp*, as M.
10. *marrez*, MS. *marerez* : *mysse*, lit. 'loss,' hence 'sense of loss,' 'grief'; 'grief woundeth (me).'
33. 5. *presente* : 'presence,' cp. 100. 5.
- 11-12. Lit. : 'It is the highway unto all my joy, and in the foundation of all my bliss.'
Hit refers, I think, to *astate*.
hyghē (disyllabic).
34. 1. *blyssē* (cp. 24. 10).
 5. *hyghē*.
35. 9. Lit. : 'And his dear one is put in possession of all this heritage'; *is sesed* = 'holds in seisin, in fee.'

Stanza. Line.

36. 1. *true*, MS. *trwe*.
 3. *blue*, MS. *blwe*.
 7. *remewe*, MS. *remwe*.
 11. Lit.: 'that was wont to fly immaculate of form,' *fleghe* used as aorist; *that fleghe* is little more than a periphrasis for 'bird'; *fasor*, 'form', O.F. *faisure*, cp. 91. 4.
 37. 1. *sayde*, MS. *syde*.
 4. *byggynner*, MS. *bjgyner*: (for *bygner* i.e. *byggynner*).
 7. *Fele here porchases and fonges pray*, lit. 'many here seek and find prey'; an idiomatic way of saying 'many find here the prey they seek.'
 10. *bayly*: lit. 'jurisdiction,' observe that the word is accented on the second syllable, and rhymes with *cortaysy*; *Bayly*, from O.F. *baillie*, is to be carefully distinguished from *báyly*, 'a fortress,' which represents the O.F. *bail*, *baile*, *baillie*. These two words have, I think, been confused by most writers; but the poet carefully kept them apart, though the scribe has levelled them under the same form:—

*An-under mone so gret merwayle
 no fleschly hert ne might endeure,
 as quen I blushed upon that bayly* (91. 3).

bayly is the scribe's substitute for the poet's *bayle*, similarly:—

*Deme now thyself if thou con dayly (= dayle)
 as man to god wordes schulde heve,
 Thou sayes thou schal won in this bayly (= bayle)* (27. 3).

The other rhymes of the verse being *sayle*, *consayl*; (see note 27. 1). M. treats *bayly* in 37. 10 and 27. 3 as identical; similarly the New English Dictionary treats *bayly* in 27. 3 under *baillie*, and *bayly* in 91. 3 under *bailey*; both these examples should, I think, be treated under *bail*. I would point out, too, that the ending *ly* in many Middle English words of French origin merely represented the sound of *le* (*lle*), and that our poet treated the *y* with the same licence as final *e*, i.e. as a rule it was mute, but occasionally sounded; all the instances which occur of this *ly* at the end of lines in the poem may be regarded as equivalent to silent *le*; in one instance, in the middle of a line, it is syllabic:—

'So semly a sede moght fayly not' (3. 10).

38. 8. *Mendynge*: 'amending,' 'bettering.'
 39. 3. *naul*: 'navel,' (not 'nail' as M.)=A.S. *nafola*.
 4. *true and tryste*, MS. *trwe and tyste*: for scribal omission of *r* cp. *stykez* (99. 10), *tys* (63. 11), *feier* (9. 7).
 6. *myste*: *st* for *ght* is not uncommon in M.E., hence *myste* may be a poetical licence for *myghte*; M. suggests 'mysteries,' 'secrets (?)'.
 9. *greme*: Icel. *greni*, 'wrath'; *gryste*, cp. A.S. *gristblutung*, 'rancour.' M. has missed, I think, the whole point of the passage by reading:—

*Thy heued hats nauther greme ne gryste,
 On arme other fynger, thagh thou ber byghe;*

glossing *greme*, 'spot,' 'blemish'; *gryste*, 'dirt'; *byghe*, 'crown.' Read *heued* (not *heued*); cp. 82. 2.

Stanza. Line.

40. 4. This line is purely conjectural; the scribe has by accident omitted words to this effect.
5. *heve*: subjunctive mood; 'in that thou raisest thee.'
7. *more honour*: M. reads *more-hond*, 'more', with which he compares *nerehande*, 'near,' *betuixande*, 'betwixt.' But all this is erroneous, and due to the fact that there is little difference in the MS. between *hond* and the contraction for *honour*; cp. 70. 12, where the same contracted form occurs; cp. too, the parallel line in this stanza:—
'*what more worschyp moght ho fonge.*'
41. 6. *fyrstȝ*, MS. *fyrst*: cp. 84. 3, 4.
8. *so wrange away*: read *so wrange a way*.
10. *other*: so MS.; not *ather*, as M.
12. *date*: 'goal'; it is difficult to find any other word that will express its various meanings of time and place in this section.
42. 5. *messe*: 'missal'; alludes to the 'Gospel' for one of the Sundays. The collects, epistles, and gospels go with the *mass*, and are in the *missal*.
7. *In-sample*: MS. *in sample*, so M. I propose *insample* i.e. *ensample* as direct object of *gesse*.
8. *heven lyghte*: prob. *heven-lyghte*, i.e. 'heaven's light'; cp. *heven-ryche*, 60. 11; the poet perhaps wrote *hevenex lyghte*, i.e. 'the bright heavens'; cp. *hevenex clere*, a phrase of frequent occurrence in the poem.
10. *I wate*: the more usual form is *I wot*; but cp. *abate*, 52. 5, (A.S. *abadd*), also used for the sake of the rhyme.
12. Lit. 'The season was precious for tending the vines.'
43. 1. *hys*: MS. *thys*; so M., but no *hyne* have been referred to previously. *hyne*: 'servants'; *hyne* properly, as here, is monosyllabic, being A.S. *hīwan*, a plural collective subst. = 'household,' 'family,' 'servants'; from the genitive plural *hīwana(man)* is derived the M.E. *hyne* (properly dissyllabic), = 'a servant,' i.e. 'a member of a household'; cp. 53. 8; 101. 11.
3. *hyrȝ*.
5. *declyne*; O.F. *decliner* was used in the sense of 'inclinor, pencher.'
8. *caggen* and *man*: *caggen*, 'cadge,' i.e. probably 'to fasten' (see *sub voc.* in New English Dict.); *man* = *maken*, 'they make.'
9. *tocz*: 3d sing. pres. M.E. *ton* = A.S. *tēon*; the usual M.E. form is *ten*, but *to* occurs in *Gawain*, 1671:—
'*For hit was negh at the terme that he to schude.*'
- The rhyme-ending in this verse *ros, porpos, clos, thos, gocs, tocz*, is distinct evidence of the sound of the symbol *cz*. M's *tocz* = *tot + z* (glossed by Sw. *tota*) is surely most erroneous.
44. 6. *toght*: 'secure,' 'firm,' 'taut.'
8. *I will yow pay*, MS. *I yow pray*.
11. *newȝ*, MS. *nw*: the line will, however, scan with *new* as a monosyllable, but with the additional *e* a more characteristic rhythm is produced.

Stanza. Line.

44. 12. *wyl-day* : 'dies desideratus.'
45. 1. *At the date of day, at even-song* : MS. 'at the day of date of even-song'; a scribal inversion, with which cp. 19. 1, the *of* for *at* resulting from the inversion, as though *at date of even-song*.
 2. *go* : to be taken as subjunctive; 'one hour before the sun should sink,' cp. *dryve* 92. 2.
 4. *sayde*, MS. *sade* : with a small stroke at foot of the *d* indicating the omission.
hem, MS. *hen*.
 6. *boun* : lit. 'ready,' Icel. *buinn*.
 7. *vynē*.
 8. *that at* : *that* antecedent of the northern relative pronoun *at*.
 10. *and*, MS. *and and*.
 46. 2. *meyny* : lit. 'household,' 'servants'; the poet probably wrote *meny*, rhyming with *repreny* (MS. *reprene*; not *repreue*, as M.), *peny*, etc.
 4. *reprene*, so MS., not *repreue*, as M.; a better reading would be, however, *repreny* (rhyming with *meny*, etc.).
 5. *set*, so MS.; not *sette* as M. : the first foot of the line monosyllabic.
 12. Lit. 'It seems to us that it is due to us to receive more.'
take : dissyllabic for the metre.
 47. 3. *wroght* : so MS.; M. *wroght* [e], but the addition of *e* is unnecessary.
 4. *on*, MS. *oni* : a scribal error, unless *oni*=*sum*, i.e. 'one (indefinitely).'
6. *waning* : MS. *wanig*=*wanig*, i.e. *waning*,=A.S. *wanung*, 'diminution.' The mark over the *i* perhaps indicates the scribe's intention to change the word into *wrang*, the reading one would expect, as the line translates the Vulgate '*injuriā*,' cp. 63. 11.
yete ; prob. A.S. *gēdan*, 'to grant.'
8. *And*=*an*, i.e. 'if.' *a grete*=O.F. *d gret*, 'according to mutual agreement,' hence M.E. 'agree' used adverbially.
12. *askē*, MS. *ask* : the metre requires the addition of a sounded *e*.
Wý | shalte thóu | thenne ásk|ē móre.
48. 8. *called*, MS. *callē*. *mykes* ; this cannot be derived from A.S. *mecg*, 'man,' as M. suggests. I take it to be a plural noun from the adj. *myke*, a shortened form of *mikel*, 'great'; the form occurs in Havelok l. 960. This answers the medieval interpretation of the line; 'though many are called, few are chosen for the great places of the world'; hence the lines which follow:—'thus the *poor* play their parts,' etc.
 9. *porē*.
49. 4. *askē* : cp. 47. 12.
 5. *nyght*, MS. *nygth* : (not *nygh*, as M.).
 10. *longē*, MS. *long*.
 11. *thynk*=*thyng* : *k* for *g*, a characteristic of the writer, e.g. Gawain, 1526, *a yonke thynk*= 'a young thing.'
 12. *to-yere* : as a compound, (cp. *to-day*)='for a year.'

Stanza. Line.

50. 3. *vert*=*rered*: cp. *abate*, 52. 5, = '*abad*'; *kynly*, 58. 6, = '*kyndely*.
M's suggestion that *verte* (?) = *ert*, is unnecessary. The alliteration requires, too, an *r* word.
8. *pretermynable*, MS. *pertermynable*.
10. *And*=*an*, 'if', cp. 47. 8.
51. 7. *gyftez*, so MS., not *gystez* as M.
9. *Hys fraunchyse is large that ever dared*
To hym that macs in synne rescoghe.

This is the reading of the MS. in this difficult passage; the difficulty has, I think, arisen through taking the lines to apply to '*God's franchise*,' hence M. reads:—

Hys fraunchyse is large that ever dared
To hym that macs in synne no scoghe,

taking *dared* for *dured*, and emending 'what looks like *rescoghe* in the MS.' into *no scoghe*. *Dared* cannot, however, stand for *dured*, even if the sense allowed it; and *scoghe* (= *scoff*) cannot rhyme with *inoghe* (= 'inow').

To dare to = 'to stand in fear of,' cp. the Scottish '*to dare at a person*'; *rescoghe* = *rescove*, 'rescue'; the latter form occurs in *Gawain*, 2308, where it rhymes with *nowe* and *browe*. The lines therefore mean, 'That man's franchise is large who has ever stood in fear of Him who maketh a rescue in sin.'

11. *hym*, MS. *hem*: cp. 53. 11.
52. 1. *motes*: lit. 'thou sayest, in order to checkmate me, that I have,' etc.
4. *lere*, = *here*, 'hire'; cp. 18. 6. I think it is just possible to detect the tail of the *h* in the MS.; there are, moreover, several instances of identical rhymes in the poem, a metrical characteristic by no means uncommon in Middle English.
5. *bourne abate* = *burne abad*: *burne* = A.S. *beorn*, 'man,' 'hero'; *abad*, past tense of *abidan* 'to abide'; the retention of the long *a* in Middle English is anomalous, cp., however, *wat*, 42. 11; in both cases the form is used for the sake of the rhyme.
53. 2. *by lyne*: 'in a line,' i.e. 'forthwith'; for the sake of the rhyme the poet uses this equivalent for the ordinary phrase *by live*; it is noteworthy that the New English Dictionary quotes the line with the latter reading, probably for M.'s 1st edition of the poem; in his second edition, M. glosses *lyne*, 'lineage.'
4. *boroght* = *brought*: cp. *bereste*, 72. 2.
5. *Anon the day, with dark endent*: 'endent' = 'endented,' i.e. 'fretted with darkness'; the word is a past participle in this passage, a past tense in 85. 4.
6. *The myght of deth docs to en-clyne* = 'to the myght of deth docz enclyne'; the separation of preposition and its substantive is very characteristic of the poet (cp. 62. 2; 69. 8); otherwise one might take *the myght of deth* as in apposition to *the day with dark endent*, in which case *to* can be taken as the ordinary infinitive *to*.

Stanza. Line.

53. 11. *Yyld*: the last two letters are obliterated in MS.; I can, however, detect what seems to be *ld*; M. reads *Yy* [*ra*], and glosses 'go,' 'hasten,' a sense which is too far removed from the primary meaning of the word 'to strike.' The sense requires, I think, *yyld*.
hem, MS. *hym*: cp. 51. 11. *fyrstt*, MS. *fyrst*.
54. 1. *mankyn grete*: 'mankind great'; I am at a loss to understand M.'s gloss:—*grete*, 'the whole'; similarly *company gret*, 71. 11, is glossed, 'gret (?), altogether'; the error has probably arisen through the phrase *a grete*, 47. 8, which is to be differentiated from *gret* = 'great.'
 3. *formz*.
 9. The first foot of the line is monosyllabic; *rych* | *blod ran* | *on rðde* | *so rðghe*.
11. *And wynne water*: so the MS.; the *e* in *wynne* is to be sounded for the metre. M. curiously reads:—
& wynne [̃] *water*.
plyt: see note 90. 7.
55. 1. *out*: MS. *out out*. cp. *thus thus* 57. 1.
 2. *brodð*.
 8. *That adam with in deth uns drounde*: MS. *with inne*; *that adam with* = 'wherewith Adam'; the scribe's *adam with inne* is perhaps due to his knowledge of the phrase 'the Adam within.'
56. 12. *At inoscence is saf by ryght*: M. reads *at inoscente*, taking *at* as equivalent to the demonstrative pronoun 'that'; but *at* can only be one of two things, either the northern relative pronoun, or the preposition; as there is no difference between *t* and *c* in the MS., I propose *at inoscence*, i.e. 'in innocence.'
by ryght, MS. *and ryght*: the refrain in the following verses justifies, I think, this emendation.
57. 1. *thus*: MS. *thus thus*, cp. 55. 1.
 6. *hyghz*.
 9. Literally, 'servant's arm'; *harme* ('arm') for the alliteration, cp. *hathel* (A.S. *athel*), l. 4.
58. 6. *How kyntly oure lord him con aquyle*: MS. *how kyntly oure con aquyle*. M. follows MS. reading and glosses *oure* by 'prayer', without any ground. The obscurity of the passage is due to the scribe's omission of the words *Kyng him* between *con* and *aquyle*. The passage, as Mr. Bradley has pointed out, is a paraphrase of Wisdom, ch. x. verses 9, 10. This line, I think, refers to the words 'But wisdom delivered from pain those that attended upon her.' To the medieval reader 'Wisdom = Christ', i.e. *Oure Kyng*, and hence the whole point of the quotation. Cf. St. Aug. *De Trin.* iv. 20 'Cum pronunciatur in Scriptura aut enarratur aliquid de sapientia sive dicente ipsa sive cum de illa, dicitur Filius nobis potissimum insinuat.' *kyntly* (i.e. *kyndly*) in the sense of 'kindly' is rather early, but another instance occurs in the poem (31. 9); *t* for *d* is a scribal mannerism (cp. *abate* 52. 5, *vert* 50. 3). This *k-* word prepares the way for another to alliterate with it, and there is possibly a slight play of words in *kyntly* and *kyng*; *con* is not of much alliterative weight. Further, the insertion of *him* satisfies, I think, the demands

Stanza. Line.

of metre, grammar and sense. With its second foot trisyllabic, the line is very characteristic of the poet.

aquyle (O.F. *accueillir*) = 'to welcome,' cp. 81. 7.

*'But of the lombes I have the aquyde
for a syght thereof . . .'*

lit. 'but by grace of the Lamb I have welcomed thee for a sight thereof.'

59. 4. *For*, MS. *sor*.

60. 1. This line illustrates in an interesting way that not only a monosyllabic foot may occur at the beginning of a line, but also after the cæsure, thus:—

Ryght | wysly || quó | con réde.

2. *awayed* = *avaied*; O.F. *aveier*, 'to teach.'

3. *Jhesus*: the MS. here as elsewhere has *lhc*, which is, I think, to be expanded into *Jhesus* (or perhaps better, *Jesus*), not *Jhesuc*, as M. does throughout.

in are-thede: M. reads *in are thede*, i.e. 'in a country,' taking *are* = *anre*, dat. of def. art. fem. but *are* = A.S. *ær*, 'ere'; *in are-thede* = 'in people of yore,' cp. *bi are dawes*, Havelok 27.

6. *touch*: so MS., not *touth* as M. notes.

7. Lit., 'bade (them) let Him be.'

61. 5. *Harmles*, etc.: first foot monosyllabic.

6. *withoutte*, MS. *withouten*: the MS. reading gives four syllables to the foot; the poet here, as in 67. 8; 92. 12; wrote *withoutte* (disyllabic).

sulpande: ? 'defiling,' cp. *sulped*, Cleanness, 15; *bisulpez*, 57. 5.

10. *the jueler*: a reference to St. Matthew xiii. 45, 46.

12. M. unnecessarily inserts *that* before *wacz*.

62. 1. *maskelles*, MS. *makelles*: the emendation is justified by the refrain, which the first word of the verse repeats; I emend similarly 64. 1, where MS. reads *makeles*.

2. *yefore*: for the misplacing of the preposition, cp. 53. 6.

3. *hevenes clere*, MS. *hevenesse clere*; a scribal error; cp. *hevenex clere*, 52. 8.

7. *ryghtwys*: MS. *ryghtwys*.

63. 8. *Of carped the kynde these propertez*: MS. *carpe*; for the scribe's omission of *d*, cp. *calle*, 48. 8; of *carped* = *carped of*; for the omission of the preposition after *kynde* cp. the use of *maner*, *sort*, *quat-kyn*, etc.

11. *triys*, MS. *l'ys*: this is, I think, *triys* or *triwys*, 'truce', i.e. 'plighted troth.' It must be noted that the MS. mark between *t* and *y* is not the ordinary sign for *ri*, but rather a mark indicating the scribe's intention to emend the word (cp. *wanig*, 47. 6, *hyll*, 101. 5). M. reads *priys*.

64. 1. *maskelles*, cp. 62. 1; 'spotless,' not 'peerless,' which translates the MS. reading *makeles*.

2. *destiné*: the poet probably uses the word in the sense of *destinatus*, i.e. 'a betrothed one'; hence my translation. I cannot, however, find a parallel in Old French or English writers, but the poet's reading was so wide and varied, that his use of the word in this sense is not too bold an assumption.

Stanza. Line.

64. 4. *Sumtyme semed that assemblé*: *sum tyme* = 'once, some time ago.'
semed: A.S. *sēman* = 'to reconcile,' 'to render accordant'; I take
'semed' to mean 'was consummated.'
assemblé: 'union,' used in this sense in O.F. (see Godefroy).
 7. *Cum hyder to me, my lemman swete*: the burden evidently of some
 popular lyrics of the XIVth. century; Chaucer puts the same catch in
 the mouth of his Frere (see Prologue l. 672).
65. 2. *reiatex*: 'royalties,' in the sense of 'outward signs of royalty,' hence
 'royal array.'
 4. *wyf*, MS. *vyf*, cp. 82. 4, etc.
 7. *a cumly on-under cambe*, MS. *on under*: 'a comely one under
 comb' is a *kenning* for 'a woman,' probably for 'a maiden'; the
 only instance I can call to mind is from Cromek's ballad of 'The
 Lord's Mairie':—
 'Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,
 Wha wears the gowden kame.'
66. 4. *sayde*, MS. *sade*.
 5. *wyves*, MS. *vyves*, cp. 65. 4.
 6. *flot*: 'company,' 'throng'; lit. 'a company of a hundred and forty
 thousand.'
 8. *saynt*, MS. *sant*.
 11. *high coppe*: so MS.; not *hyl-coppe* as M. reads.
 12. *neue*, MS. *nwe*: *o*, MS. *u*.
67. 7. *gyltles*, so MS.: not *gystles* as M. notes.
 8. *withoute*, MS. *withouten*: cp. 61. 6.
 10. *nem*, MS. *men*: but the rhyme necessitates *nem*; (dissyllabic) *landz*.
 5. *facez*.
 10. *bost-wys bem*, cp. 76, 11.
 11. *lomb*, MS. *lomp*.
69. 6. *true*, MS. *trwe*.
 8. *thys worlde . . . upon*: the misplacing of the preposition is of frequent
 occurrence in the poem.
 9. *wroghtt*, MS. *wroght*.
70. 1. *swete*, MS. *swatte*: but rhyme necessitates emendation, cp. *lemman
 swete*, 64. 7.
 2. *there*, so MS., but read *thare*, (rhyming with *fare*, etc.).
 3. *tru*, MS. *trw*.
 8. *sagh*, MS. *saycs*.
 10. *synghnettes*, so MS.: *ngn* is the English attempt to reproduce the
 French sound of *gn*.
in-seme: cp. *in-melle*, *in-liche*, etc.
71. 3. *maskelle*, MS. *maskille*.
 4. *wollz*.
 5. *teche*, so MS.: not *teithe*, as M. notes.

Stanza. Line.

71. 9. *enle*: I take this as equivalent to A.S. *denlic*, cp. *at ene*, 25. 3; 80. 5.
72. 2. *bereste*: cp. *boroght*, 53.
 3. *thay of mote couthe never mynge* = 'they who never mingled with any stain'; for the omission of the relative, cp. 61. 12.
 4. *thay*, MS. *tha*.
 8. *Of on*: the *f* and second *o* are not readable in the MS.
73. 1. *thow . . . tale farande*, MS. *thou talle*: but *thow tale* in the catchwords. *farande*: 'fitting', 'plausible'; probably the present participle of A.S. *faran*: 'to go'; a favourite word of our author, with the meaning of 'joyful', 'blessing.'
farrant, *farrantly*, are still common in Lancashire:—
 e.g. 'Aw'd take him just while he're inclined
 An' a *farrantly* bargain he'd be.' WAUGH, 1859.
 2. *in wro*: lit. 'in a corner'; Dan. *vraa*; Icel. *rá* (i.e. *vrá*).
 9. *herde*.
74. 3. *newe*, MS. *nwe*: so in line 6.
 7. *In sounande notes con a gentyl carpe*: MS. *in sounande notes a gentyl carpe*; the obscurity of the passage is, I think, due to the omission of *con*; I do not agree with M. in taking *carpe* as a noun; surely the poet is explaining that he saw how one gentle maiden led the song and the rest caught up the strain; moreover, the passage can hardly be construed otherwise; cp. *carpe* = *carped*, 63. 8. *a gentyl*, (cp. *a cumly*, 65. 7) = 'a gentle one', 'a gentle maiden.'
 The lines recall the verse of the well-known hymn, 'Hierusalem, my happy home':—
 'Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
 With tones surpassing sweet;
 And all the virgins bear their part,
 Sitting about her feet.'
9. *byforz*.
75. 4. *sue*, MS. *swe*.
 6. *newz*.
 7. *anjoint*: so MS. (*an-ioint*); M. misreads *amoynt*.
 8. *hue*, MS. *hwe*.
 9. *untrue*, MS. *untrue*.
 11. *remewe*, MS. *remewe*.
76. 9. *sympelnesse conez enclose*: lit. 'that didst enclose simpleness'; hence 'simple-hearted of yore.'
11. *bustwys as a blose*: *bustwys*, O.F. *boisteus*, ('wooden,' hence) 'coarse-grained,' 'rude.' *blose* is probably O.F. *blos* = *privé* (*de bon sens*); (see Godefroy, *sub voc.*); hence 'a churl.' The ordinary interpretation that *blose* = Icel. *blossi*, is untenable.
78. 7. *gele*, A.S. *gēlan*: 'to hesitate,' 'delay'; or perhaps Icel. *gēla*, 'to comfort,' 'to soothe.'
 8. *I se*; MS. *and I se*: *and* due to the *and* in previous line; unnecessary here for metre and sense.
 9. Lit., 'ye but linger and bow (i.e. bend your steps).'
 10. *gracious*, MS. *gracous*.

Stanza. Line.

79. 2. *spakk*=*spake*. 7. *newe*, MS. *nwe*.
 9. *lombe*, MS. *lompe*: cp. 68. 11.
 10. *fayrē*.
 12. The poet probably wrote *his moote withouten mote*.
 80. 1. *carpe*.
 10. *flesch*: so MS. (not *fresth*, as M.).
 81. 1. By an error the scribe has made, this verse begins a new *passus* of the poem, the confusion being due in all probability to the fact that *passus* xv. consists of six instead of five verses.
 5. *schenē*.
 7. *aquylde*: see note 58. 6.
 82. 1. Lit., 'If I am to disclose to thee this city.'
 2. Read *heved*, rhyming with *weved*, etc.
 4. *weved*, MS. *veved*: cp. *vayned*, 21. 9, etc.
 5. *wolde I*: *I* not in MS.; cp. 31. 3.
 7. *Tyl . . . that*='until.'
 3. *newe*, MS. *nwe*.
 6. *burnist*: the scribe has perhaps omitted *al* before *burnist*; otherwise the first foot after the cæsura is monosyllabic, see note, 60. 1.
brown: 'brown' in reference to metal means 'burnished'; observe that O.F. *burnir* is from O.F. *brun* which is from M.H.G. *brun*, 'brown,' cognate with AS. *brin*.
 8. *banteles*: this word is peculiar to our poet, who uses it three times in all; twice in *Pearl*, here and in 85. 9, and once in 'Cleanness' 1459. Its origin is at present undiscovered; it is supposed to mean 'pillars,' or 'posts.' The key to the word is, I think, the poet's mannerism of using *t* for *d*; I suggest that *bantel*=*bandel*; O.F. *bandel* (*bandeau*) was used, as the O.H.G. *band*, from which it is derived, in the sense of 'cross-beam,' or 'architrave'; if so, our author uses the word for the cross-beams forming the steps leading up to the city (see stanza 86).
 10. *serlypes*: an extended form from Icel. *slr*, 'several,' by help of the adv. suffix *lepes*; its usual meaning is 'severally'; this is a remarkable instance of an adv. used as an adj.
 84. 1. *As John thise stonex*: MS. *As thise stonex*; I insert *John*, as the first words of the verse should repeat the last word of the refrain.
 2. *names*: MS. *name*. 3. *fyrstē*, MS. *fyrst*.
 4. *fyrstē*, MS. *fyrst*. *I con wale*. 'I chose,' cp. line 11.
 5. *glentē*.
 6. *stale*, lit. 'the rung of a ladder;' here probably in the sense of 'step.'
 8. *thrydē*, MS. *thryd*.
 9. *scale*, A.S. *scealu*: 'shell,' or 'husk,' 'scale.'
 10. *fyfthē*.
 85. 4. I propose *twynne-how*, i.e. 'twin-hue'; cp. Bede's *Explan. Apocalypsis*, '*topasius . . . duos habere fertur colores; unum auri purissimi*.' M. reads '*the topayse twynne how the nente endent*.'
endent, 'endented,' past tense; cp. pp. *endent*, 53. 5.

Stanza. Line.

85. 7. *plyt* : 'peril' ; written instead of *plyght*, see note 90. 7.
 8. *ynde*, i.e. 'blue of Inde.'
 10. o *jasporye* : M. reads *masporye*, suggesting as an emendation *was pure* ; *masporye* has been a most difficult *crux*, but I am now convinced that the supposed *m* of the MS. is really *oi* ; hence my reading, cp. *The wal of jasper*, 86. 6 ; *jasporye*=O.F. *jasprie*, cp. *boroght* for *broght*, 53. 4.
 12. M. unnecessarily inserts 'of' before *the apostel John*.
 86. 8. *repayre* ; prob. = O.F. *reparer*, 'to repair' ; if so, it must be rendered in this place by 'to grace,' (= F. *reparer bien*) ; this word must be carefully distinguished from O.F. *repaire*, 'to restore to one's country,' from L. *repatriare*, but supposed to be from *reperire*.
 10-11. *fon to cayre*. lit. 'ceased to turn,' *fon*, a false past tense not uncommon, of *finen* (O.F. *finer*), instead of *finede* ; *cayre*=(?) Icel. *keyra*, 'to turn.'
 87. 2. *pane* : 'pane or parte of a thing,' Prompt. Parv. ; O.F. *pan* 'a pane,' 'piece,' or 'pannell of a wall,' etc.
yates : see notes, I. 10 ; 93. 2.
 3. *poursent* : so MS. ; M. reads *poursent* ; cp. *french*, 91. 6.
 4. *rycht*, MS. *rych*.
 6. *fates* : 'fades' ; *t* for *d*, cp. *abate*, etc.
 9. *byrth-whates* : i.e. 'birth-omens,' A.S. *hwæt*, *augurium*. M. reads *byrth whates*, making *whates*=*watz*, 'was' ; an absolutely impossible solution of the problem. Otherwise, *hwates* must be taken as a verb, (cp. Icel. *hvata*), with the sense of 'predicts.'
 11. *strates* : a most anomalous form, if used for *strates* (A.S. *stræt*) ; *strate* as used by Barbour is probably O.F. *estreit*, 'narrow,' used substantively.
 12. *neddz*.
 88. 2. *lompe*, MS. *lombe*.
 4. *hym* : (?) = *hem*, cp. 53. 11.
 6. *noght*, so MS. : M. proposes *nioght*, but the double negative is what one would expect.
 7. *hyght*.
 11. *revet*, cp. 9. 9.
 89. 2. *as* : MS. *a* ; but cp. *a*=*as* 10. 7 ; M. reads *A* !
that foyssoun flode, lit. 'that abundance flowed out of that floor' ; M. takes *foysoun* as adj. 'abundant' ; *flode*, as subs. 'flood' ; *flet*, as pret. of *flete*, 'to flow' ; but *foysoun*=O.F. *foison* ; 'flode'=pret. of Icel. *flóa* ('flóda') ; *flet*=A.S. *flett*.
 10. *upen* : cp. *upon*, 17. 6.
 11. *reset*,=O.F. *recet*, 'refuge.'
 12. *an-under*, MS. *an-undes*.
 90. 1. M. reads *The mone may ther of acroche no myghte*
To spotty, ho is of body to grym ;
 i.e. 'The moon may there obtain no might to defile,' but no poet would speak of the moon thus ; moreover, *spotty* as a verb is too

Stanza. Line.

anomalous (see note on *y* infinitives; 24. 8); the New English Dict. takes the passage similarly (see under *acroche*); my punctuation of the lines removes, I think, all difficulty. The stanza recalls to mind:—

'The very source and fount of day,
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.'

IN MEMORIAM, xxiv.

90. 3. *also*: I render 'as'; M. 'also'; putting a full stop after *nyght*.
lyght, MS. *lyght* or *syght*: the curve of the first letter is turned slightly to the right, and therefore must, I think, be taken as *s*, but the point is as doubtful as unimportant; both readings make equally good sense.
7. *plyght*: one would expect *plyt*, 'condition' (O.F. *plite*), not *plyght*, A.S. *plikt*, 'peril'; I am of opinion that the two words were used indifferently by our poet; here *plyght*=*plyt*; *plyt* 54. 11, 85. 7.=*plyght*; but *plyt*, correctly, 93. 10.
8. *selfe*, MS. *self*.
newe, MS. *nwe*.
91. 3. *baly*, read *bayle*: see note, 37. 10.
4. *fasure*, so MS.: not *failure* as M.; cp. 36. 11.
6. *freuch*, M. read *french*: suggesting in the margin 'fresch (?)'; but *freuch* is the Scottish *frusch*, *frush*, *freuch*, 'fragile', 'frail' (cp. O.F. *fruisser*, 'to bruise'; see *froisser*, Scheler's Dict.); see Jam. Scott. Dict. *sub voc.*
that freuch figure= 'that tender form.'
8. *glymmt*.
11. *allz*.
92. 1. M. notes in his margin 'as the moon began to rise, he was aware of a procession'; but the poet has just before stated there was no moon in the New Jerusalem, wherefore, I take ll. 1-4 as a simile.
con rys: 'is wont to rise'; an aorist; cp. *fleghe*, 36. 11.
2. *dryve*, see note 45. 2.
5. *enpryse*, MS. *enpresse*: but rhyme is clear evidence of the poet's spelling of the word.
10. *quyte*, MS. *quyte*.
12. *with gret delyt*, MS. *withouten*: but cp. the refrains of the section; the scribe was thinking of *withouten spot*, and such like phrases.
93. 2. *On golden gates*: 'on the golden ways', 'streets'; not 'gates,' which is *yates* in this dialect. *Gate* in the north is still used for 'path,' 'way,' or 'street' (cp. G. *Gasse*), = Icel. *gata*; see note 1. 10. M. curiously notes in the margin, 'as they went along they shone as glass.'
4. *alle in sute*: see note 17. 11. *wasse*; this form is too anomalous to stand for the plural; I propose *livre* (O.F. *livree*) for *livres*; similarly the right reading in line 8 is probably *wede*, (singular, = A.S. *wæde*), and not *wedes*.
7. *golde*, MS. *glode*.

Stanza. Line.

93. 9. *trone a tras*: 'they trod a track'; *trone*, past tense of a strong verb *trine*, 'to go,' of Scandinavian origin.
94. 1. I insert *ther* (not in MS.) for the sake of the metre of the line.
5. *voched*, 'summoned'; O.F. *vochier*, L. *vocare*; (M. glosses 'prayed'; the word is pp. not a finite verb).
10. *vertues*, L. *virtutes*: 'one of the orders of the angels'; (for a list see the M.E. poem 'Ypotis' in Horstmann's *Legenden*, where the 'virtues' are seventh in order; see 1 Peter iii. 22).
11. *in melle*=*i-melle*; a Scand. phrase; cp. Icel. *i milli* (*miðli*).
95. 2. *myndē*.
4. *of speche spent*=*speche spent of*.
7. *weete*, A.S. *wāt* 'wet.'
96. 1. *The lombe deyt*: the omission of the genit. inflexion is characteristic of the northern English dialects; in parts of Yorkshire it has almost disappeared altogether; *to wene*, in the sense of 'to doubt,' occurs already in A.S.
6. *last and lade*: 'loaded and laden'; not as M. 'followed and preceded'; A.S. *hlæst*, pp. of *hlæstan*, and A.S. *hladen*, pp. of *hladan*.
97. 2. *malte*: see 19. 8.
4. *thagh ho were walte*: this must mean 'though *she* were held'; *ho* cannot refer to *water* (a neuter subst.) as M. implies, taking *walte* as from A.S. *wealtian*, 'to roll'; *walte* is pp. of M.E. *welden* (*wylden*, *walden*), A.S. *gewyldan* (*wealdian*), 'to overrule, control'; cp. A.S. *gewylde*, adj. 'subject under one's power'; this verb is to be carefully distinguished from the primary *wealdan*, which has *gewealden* as pp.
5. 6. Perhaps these lines should be rendered thus:—
*'I thought that nothyng might me derye
to fetch me bur, and take me halt.'*
i.e. 'I thought that nothing might prevent me from starting, and might make me halt.' The phrase *to fetch one's bur* generally means 'to gather impetus for a leap by a short run.' This interpretation fits in well with the next line; it necessitates, I think, the change of *me bur* into *my bur*.
to take me halt: 'to take,' in the sense of 'to come upon one suddenly, to strike,' is a Scandinavian idiom common in English; cp. *e.g.* 'A grievous sickness took (*i.e.* attacked) him,' 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 2. 370.
98. 1. *flonc*=*flong*: see 49. II.
6. *bratthe*, so MS.; M. *brathe*: but *bratthe*=*brath-the* (cp. Orm's *braththe*),=*brath*+*th*, *i.e.* *brath* adj., 'furious,'+the suffix *th* (as in *length*, etc.).
99. 1. *out-fleme*, 'an outcast,' not 'banished,' as M. glosses.
3. *quyke*, MS. *quyken*.
9. *If*, MS. *if* (*i.e.* *inf*): cp. *is*, 26. 9.
10. *strykes*, MS. *stykes*: for omission of *r* cp. *tyste*, 39. 4.
garland, here used in the special sense of 'crown'; Godefroy quotes an O.F. gloss, '*crinalia, garland*'; cp. *werle*, 18. 5; *cambe*, 65. 7.

Stanza. Line.

99. 11. *doel-doungoun* : lit. 'dungeon of woe'; cp. *luf-daungere*, I. 11.
100. 3. *true*, MS. *trwe*.
5. *at helde* : MS. reads *as helde*; so M. who glosses *helde* 'willingly.' I propose *at helde*, i.e. 'by grace,' the sense required; cp. *at inoscence*, 56. 12; *helde* (A.S. *hyla*, *hild*, *held*) is common in M.E. in such clauses as the present. The repetition of *as* in ll. 4, 5, is, I think, strong evidence that the scribe has erred; my emendation explains, too, 'Cleanness' 1520,
- 'As uchon hade him in helde he haled of the cuppe,'
i.e. 'Each one drank from the cup, as gracefully as possible.'
present : 'presence,' cp. 33. 5.
101. 1. *setz*.
- saghte* = Icel. *sátt*, 'peace'; to be distinguished from *saght* (adj.), see note 5. 4.
2. *krystyn* : the spelling *kryst* is due to *Crist*, the A.S. form of the name; the lengthened vowel of the last syllable is probably due to some Romance form; the verb *christiiener* occurs frequently in O.F. It must be remembered that side by side with *Christianus* there existed the L.L. *Christinus* and *Christina*.
4. *fyin*, O.F. *fin* : 'parfait, fini, pur, veritable.'
5. *hyl*, MS. *hyll* : the mark indicates, I think, the scribe's intention to emend the spelling; (cp. *wantg*, 47. 6; *tys*, 63. 11).
- this lote I laghte* : lit. *I obtained this lot*; *lote* is the A.S. *hlót*, but its usage here is best illustrated by the Icel. *hlutr*, which in many phrases means little more than 'thing,' e.g. *allir hlutir*, 'every thing'; *undarligr hlutr*, 'a strange thing.'
6. *enclyin*, O.F. *enclin* : L. *inclinis*, adj. 'prone.' M. glosses 'incline'; the passage is meaningless if the word is construed as a verb. In O.F. poetry the adj. *enclin* is very frequently used, as here, at the end of a line for rhyming purposes.
11. *homly hyne* : *homly* = 'intimate,' 'friendly'; *hāmlíc* does not occur in A.S.; the M.E. *homly* was probably influenced by Scand. *heimuligr*, as used in such phrases as *hans heimuligt fólk*, 'his household folk'; *heimuligr clerkr*, 'a private clerk.' In Scottish the word is still common in this sense.
- hyne* : see note, 43. 1.
12. *And precious perlez*, etc. : see note, I. 1.



GLOSSARY

G L O S S A R Y

- *ABATE, 52. 5.
 abof, *above*, 86. 3.
 abroched, *commenced*,
 94. 7.
 *acroche, 90. 1.
 adaunt, *to daunt*, 14. 1.
 *adubement, 6. 12.
 *adyte, 30. 1.
 affray, *fear*, 98. 10.
 aghthte, *eighth*, 85. 3.
 aglyghte, *glided away*
 from, 21. 5.
 *a-grete, 47. 8.
 alow, 53. 10.
 aloynte, *redeemed*, 75.
 5.
 amatyst, *amethyst*, 85.
 8.
 *and, *if*, 47. 8.
 anende, *anent*, 59. 1 ;
 opposite, anigh, 95. 8.
 anendez, *opposite*, 82. 3.
 angel-havyng, 63. 10.
 *anjoynt, *joined*, 75. 7.
 *appocalyppece, 73. 2.
 appose, *to pose with*
 questions, 76. 2.
 *aquyle, 58. 6.
 *aquylde, 81. 7.
 *are-thede, 60. 3.
 aryght, *aright, along*,
 10. 4.
 *assemblé, *union*, 64. 4.
 astate, *estate*, 33. 9.
 astraye, *wrongly*,
 wildly, 97. 10.
 as-tyt, *quickly*, 54. 9.
 asyse, *array*, 9. 1.
 *at, *which*, 45. 8.
 *atount, 15. 11.
 at-slykez, *slips away*,
 48. 11.
 atteny, *to attain*, 46. 8.
 aventure, *adventure*,
 6. 4.
 *awayed, 60. 2.
 BALKE, *mound*, 6. 2.
 *baly, 91. 3.
 bantels, 85. 9.
 *bantelez, 83. 8.
 baptem, *baptism*, 53. 3.
 bare, *transparent*, 86.
 5.
 barnez, *children*, 87. 8.
 basse, *base*, 84. 4.
 basyng, *foundation*,
 83. 8.
 *bayly, 27. 3.
 *bayly, *dominion*, 37. 10.
 bayn, *ready*, 68. 3.
 baysment, *abashment*,
 15. 6.
 bede, *bade*, 60. 7.
 *bele, *burn*, 2. 6.
 bene, *fair*, 10. 2.
 bene, *beauteously*, 17. 6.
 *bereste, 72. 2.
 bete, *to make better*,
 64. 1.
 bitalt, *shaken*, 97. 9.
 blaght, *pale*, 18. 8.
 blayke, *pale*, 3. 3.
 *ble, *colour*, 7. 4 ; 18. 8.
 *bleaunt, 14. 7.
 blente, *blended*, 85. 8.
 *blo, *pale*, 7. 11 ; *livid*,
 73. 11.
 *blose, 76. 11.
 blunt, *faint*, 15. 8.
 blusched, *looked*, 82.
 8 ; 91. 3.
 *blynde, *blind, dark*, 7.
 11.
 blynnne, *to cease*, 61. 9.
 blysened, *shone*, 88. 4.
 blythe, *bliss*, 30. 6.

* Words asterisked are commented on in the Notes. The glossary is mainly an index of the more important words, and is by no means complete.

- bod, *abode*, 6. 2.
 bodily, *bodily*, in
 bodily condition, 91.
 10.
 boghe, *to bend one's*
 way, 17. 4.
 bollez, *boles*, 7. 4.
 *bolne, *to swell*, 2. 6.
 bone, *boom*, 91. 10.
 bonk, *mound*, 9. 6.
 borde, *jest, mock*, 25. 2.
 bore, *born*, 20. 11.
 *boroght, *brought*, 53.
 4.
 *bostwys, *rugged*, 68.
 10.
 bote, *remedy*, 23. 11.
 *boun, *ready*, 45. 6;
 raised, 83. 8; *firm*,
 92. 11.
 *bourne, *man*, 52. 5.
 *boz, *it behoves*, 27. 11.
 brathez, *anger* (pl.),
 29. 10.
 *bratthe, *impetus*, 98. 6.
 braundysch, 29. 10.
 bray, 29. 10.
 brayde, *roused*, 98. 6;
 brought, 60. 4.
 brede, *to revel*, 35. 7;
 to stretch, 68. 10.
 brede, *breadth*, 86. 11.
 bredful, *brimful*, 11. 6.
 breme, *fierce*, 29. 10.
 brent, *bright*, 9. 10.
 *broun, *bright*, 83. 6.
 brunt, *blow*, 15. 6.
 bryddez, *birds*, 8. 9.
 brym, *bank*, 90. 6.
 brymme, *water's edge*,
 20. 4.
 *bur, 97. 6.
- burde, *it behoved*, 27. 4.
 *bustwys, *ill-mannered*,
 76. 11.
 burre, *sudden blow*,
 15. 8.
 busyez, *busiest*, 23. 4.
 bycalt, *recalled*, 97. 11.
 *bydene, 17. 4.
 bydez, *abide*, 7. 3.
 bye, *to buy*, 61. 12.
 byg, *big, high*, 9. 6.
 *byghe, *ring*, 39. 10.
 bygly, *spacious*, 81. 3.
 bygyng, *dwelling*, 78.
 8.
 byhod, *behoved*, 78. 4.
 bylde, *raised*, 11. 3.
 bylde, *building, place*,
 61. 7; 81. 3.
 *by-lyne, 53. 2.
 *byrth-whatez, 87. 9.
 byswykez, *I defraud*,
 48. 4.
 bytaghte, *committed*,
 101. 7.
 *byte, *to bite, to influ-*
 ence, 30. 7.
 bytwyste, *betwixt*, 39.
 8.
 byye, *to buy*, 40. 10.
- *CAGGEN, 43. 8.
 *cambe, *comb*, 65. 7.
 *carpe, *to speak*, 74. 7;
 80. 1.
 *carped, *told*, 63. 8.
 caste, *mood*, 97. 11.
 *cayre, *to go*, 86. 11.
 cever, *to reach*, 27. 7.
 charde, *turned*, 51. 8.
 chayere, *chair, throne*,
 74. 9.
- chese, *chose*, 80. 6.
 cheventayn, *chieftain*,
 51. 5.
 chyche, *niggard*, 51. 5.
 clambe, *hast climbed*,
 65. 5.
 clente, *enclosed*, 22. 7.
 cleven, *cleave*, 6. 6.
 *clos, *enclosed*, 1. 2;
 closed, 16. 3.
 close, *to enclose*, 23. 7.
 clot, *clay*, 2. 10.
 clot, *mount*, 66. 9.
 cloyster, *cloister*,
 stronghold, 81. 9.
 clynge, *decay*, 72. 5.
 clypper, *shearer*, 67.
 10.
 clyven, *to cleave, per-*
 tain, 100. 8.
 cnoken, *knock*, 61. 7.
 cofer, *casket*, 22. 7.
 color, *beauty*, 2. 10.
 come, *arrival*, 94. 1.
 compas, *course*, 90. 4.
 *coppe, *hill*, 66. 11.
 coroune, *crown*, 18. 1.
 *cortel, *kirtle*, 17. 11.
 cortez, *courteous*, 63.
 10.
 counterfete, 47. 4.
 covenaunde, *covenant*,
 47. 11.
 cowthe, *could*, 12. 2.
 cresse, *cress*, 29. 7.
 crokez, *sickles*, 4. 4.
 *cumly, *comely, fair*,
 65. 7.
- DARE, *to quake*, 70.
 11; *dared, *feared*,
 51. 9.

- dased, *dazzled*, 91. 5.
 date, *limit*, 45. 1; *time*,
 46. 1; *goal*, 41. 12.
 dawez, *days*, 24. 6.
 day-glem, *daylight*, 92.
 2.
 *daily, 27. 1.
 debonere, 14. 6.
 declyne, *to droop*, 28.
 9; **to yield*, 43. 5.
 degrees, *steps*, 86. 2.
 del, *grief*, 21. 10;
 dele, 5. 3.
 deme, *to declare*, 99. 7.
 demme (?) *to grow dim*,
 19. 7.
 dene, *dale*, 25. 7.
 *denely, 5. 3.
 *denned, 5. 3.
 depaynt, *bedecked*, 92.
 10.
 depres, *depress, hinder*,
 65. 10.
 dere, *to harm*, 97. 5.
 derez, *injuries*, 9. 6.
 derthe, *beauty, glory*,
 9. 3.
 derworth, *beauteous*,
 10. 1.
 dese, *dais, throne*, 64.
 10.
 dessypelez, *disciples*,
 60. 7.
 *destyné, 64. 2.
 devoyde, *do away*
with, 2. 3.
 *dewyne, *dwindle, pine*,
 1. 11.
 *doel, *grief, moan*, 28.
 12.
 *doel-dungoun, *dun-*
geon of woe, 99.
 dol, *dolour*, 28. 2.
 dole, *part*, 12. 4.
 dousour, *sweetness*,
 36. 9.
 douth, *bold one*, 70. 11.
 *dowyne, *dwindle*,
pine, 28. 2.
 dresse, *to direct*, 42. 3.
 drest, *derived*, 72. 8.
 dreve, *to hasten*, 27.
 11; *dreved, hastened*,
 82. 8.
 drury, *dreary*, 27. 11.
 dryghe, *to dry*, 69. 7.
 *dryghly, 11. 5; 19. 7.
 dryghtyn, *the Lord*,
 27. 12.
 dubbed, *adorned*, 7. 1.
 dunne, *dun, dark*, 3. 6.
 durande, *endless*, 28.
 12.
 dyghe, *to die*, 26. 6;
 54. 6.
 dyghte, *bedight*, 17. 10.
 dylle, *dull, slow*, 57.
 8.
 dyne, *din*, 29. 3.
 dyscreven, *to descry*,
 6. 8.
 dyssente, *descend*, 53.
 3.
 dystryed, *destroyed*,
 11. 4.
 dyt, *did*, 57. 9.
 EFTE, *again*, 28. 4.
 emerald, 10. 10; *emer-*
ade, emerald, 84. 9.
 emperise, *empress*,
 37. 9.
 *enclyin, *prone*, 101. 6.
 enclyne, 53. 6.
 encroched, *received*,
 94. 1.
 *endent, 85. 4.
 *endente, 53. 5.
 endorde, *adored*, 31. 8.
 endyte, *compose, at-*
tune, 94. 10.
 *ene, 25. 3; 80. 5.
 *enle, 71. 9.
 enleventhe, *eleventh*,
 85. 6.
 *enpryse, *renown*, 92. 5.
 enurned, *adorned*, 86. 7.
 erbere, *arbour, gar-*
den, 1. 9.
 erde, *region*, 21. 8.
 ethe, *easy*, 101. 2.
 even, *to rival*, 90. 5.
 expoun, *describe*, 4. 1.
 *FARANDE, 73. 1.
 *fasor, *shape, form*,
 36. 11.
 fasure, *form*, 91. 4.
 *fatez, *fades*, 87. 6.
 faunt, *child*, 14. 5.
 *fayly, 3. 10.
 *fayre, 4. 10.
 fax, *hair*, 18. 9.
 *fede, 3. 5.
 *feirer, *fairer*, 9. 7.
 *fele, *many things*, 2. 9.
 felle, *cruel*, 31. 7.
 felonye, 67. 8.
 ferez, *leads*, 9. 2.
 ferez, *companion*, 96.
 10.
 ferly, *wonder*, 91. 6.
 ferly, *wondrous*, 91. 4.
 feryed, *carried*, 79. 10.
 *flaght, 5. 9.
 flake, *fleck*, 79. 11.

- flambe, *to shine*, 65. 1.
 flaumbande, *flaming*,
 8. 6.
 *flayr, 4. 10.
 *fleghe, *was wont to*
fly, 36. 11.
 fleme, *to banish*, 28. 10.
 *flet, *floor, plain*, 89. 2.
 fleten, *flowed* (pl. past),
 2. 9.
 *flood, 89. 2.
 *flonc, *flung*, 98. 1.
 flor, *flower*, 81. 2.
 flor-de-lys, 17. 3.
 *flot, *company*, 66. 6.
 flot, *flowed*, 4. 10.
 floty, *watery*, 11. 7.
 flurtd, *figured*, 18. 4.
 flyghe, *flay*, 68. 9.
 flyte, *to quarrel*, 30. 5.
 folde, *land*, 28. 10.
 *fon, *ceased*, 86. 10.
 *fonde, *to try*, 13. 6.
 *fonte, *scanned*, 15. 2.
 fonte, *examined, sur-*
veyed, found, 28. 3.
 *fordidde, *destroyed*, 11.
 4.
 *fordokked, 1. 11.
 forgarte, *marred*, 27. 9.
 forlete, *lost*, 28. 3.
 forloyne, *to err, go*
astray, 31. 8.
 forpayned, *worn out*
with trouble, 21. 6.
 forser, *treasure-hold*,
 22. 11.
 forthe, *ford*, 13. 6.
 forthy, *therefore*, 20. 6.
 foryete, *to forget*, 8. 2.
 founce, *bottom*, 10. 5.
 *foysoun, 89. 2.
- frayne, *demands, de-*
sires, 11. 9.
 fre, *freely*, 25. 11.
 frely, *noble, fair*, 97. 3.
 *fraunchyse, 51. 9.
 frayste, *surveyed*, 15. 1.
 *freuch, 91. 6.
 frount, *front, visage*,
 15. 9.
 frym, *fresh, vigorous*,
 90. 11.
 fryte, *fruit*, 3. 5.
 fryth, *peace*, 8. 5.
 fryth, *forest*, 9. 2.
 *fyin, 101. 4.
 fyldor, *golden thread*,
 9. 10.
 *fyne, *cease*, 28. 4; 30. 5.
 fyne, *end*, 53. 11.
 fyrr, *further*, 9. 7.
 *fyrte, 5. 6.
- GALLE, *stain*, 16. 9; 89. 4.
 *garland, 99. 10.
 gart, *caused*, 96. 11.
 gate, *way*, 33. 11; 44.
 10.
 *gatez, *roads*, 93. 2.
 gawle, *stain*, 39. 7.
 gaynez, *avails*, 29. 7.
 *gele, 78. 7.
 gemme, *gem*, 10. 10.
 gent, *gentle, fair*, 85.
 6; 95. 6.
 *gentyl, *a gentle*
(maiden), 74. 7.
 gesse, *to tell*, 42. 7.
 geste, *guest*, 24. 1.
 ghostly, 16. 5.
 gilofre, *gillyflower*,
 4. 7.
- glace, *to glide*, 15. 3.
 glaverez, *cheats*, 58. 4.
 glayre, *amber*, 86. 6.
 glent, *shone*, 93. 2.
 glente, *a glimmer*,
 10. 6.
 glentez, *looks*, 96. 4.
 glet, *dirt*, 89. 4.
 glod, *glided*, 93. 1.
 glyght, *shone*, 10. 6.
 glymme, *light*, 91. 8.
 glysnande, *shining*
 14. 9.
 gome, *man*, 20. 3.
 goste, *soul, spirit*, 6.
 3.
 gote, *stream*, 51. 8;
 78. 10.
 goud, *good*, 3. 9.
 gravayl, *gravel*, 7. 9.
 graythely, *readily*, 42.
 7.
 *greme, *wrath*, 39. 9.
 grete, *to weep*, 28. 7.
 greve, *grove*, 27. 9.
 *gromlyoun, 4. 7.
 grovelyng, *prostrate*,
 94. 4.
 grym, *grim, dark*
wan, 90. 2.
 grynde, *to grind, roll*
 7. 9.
 *gryste, *rancour*, 39. 9.
 gylytf, *guilty*, 56. 9.
 gyng, *host*, 38. 11.
 gyngure, *ginger*, 4. 7.
 gyrl, *girl*, 18. 1.
 *gyternere, 8. 7.
- HALEZ, *flows*, 11. 5.
 *halt, *maimed, halt*
 97. 6.

- happe, *bliss*, 2. 4; *hytteez, 11. 12.
 100. 7.
 *hardyly, 1. 3.
 *harme, *arm*, 57. 9.
 hate, *hot*, 33. 4.
 hathel, *man*, 57. 4.
 haylsed, *saluted*, 20. 10.
 *heke (?), 18. 6.
 *helde, *grace*, 100. 5.
 hele, *bliss*, 2. 4.
 *hende, *well-mannered*, 16. 4.
 hente, *receive*, *win*, 100. 7.
 *here (?) *hire*, 52. 4.
 hernez, *brain*, 5. 10.
 hete, *heat*, 47. 2; 54. 7.
 heterly, *bitterly*, 34. 6.
 *heved, *head*, 82. 2.
 heven, *to raise*, 2. 4.
 heven-ryche, *kingdom of heaven*, 60. 11.
 *heven-lyghte, 42. 8.
 hit, *its*, 10. 12; 19. 8.
 holte-wodez, *holt-woods*, 7. 3.
 *homly, *familiar*, 101. 11.
 hondelyngez, *servant's*, 57. 9.
 hone, *abide*, 77. 9.
 *hoped, *thought, deemed*, 12. 7; 12. 10.
 huyle, *time*, 4. 5.
 hyght, *height*, 42. 9.
 hyghte, *promised*, 26. 5.
 hynde, *gracious*, 76. 9.
 *hyne, *servants*, 43. 1; 53. 8; 101. 11.
 hysse, *his*, 35. 10.
 *IN-FERE, *together*, 8. 5; 74. 8; 93. 1.
 in-lyche, *alike*, 46. 6; 51. 3.
 *in-melle, *amidst*, 94. 11.
 *in-sample, *parable*, 42. 7.
 *in-seme, *together*, 70. 10.
 in-wyth, *within*, 81. 10.
 *JASPORYE, 85. 10.
 jolyf, *winsome*, 71. 2.
 joparde, *jeopardy*, 51. 2.
 joueler, 62. 2.
 *jueler, 21. 12.
 justyfyet, 59. 4.
 KENE, *sharp*, 4. 4.
 kenned, *made known*, 5. 7.
 kerven, *to prune*, 43. 8.
 keve, 27. 8.
 keved, *turned*, 82. 9.
 *krystyin, *Christian*, 101. 2.
 kynde, *nature*, 5. 7; 7. 2.
 kynde, *kind*, 23. 12.
 kyndom, *kingdom*, 38. 1.
 kynnez, *kinds*, 86. 8.
 *kynntly, 58. 6.
 kyste, *chest*, 23. 7.
 kythez, *regions*, 100. 10.
 kytte, *to show*, 30. 8.
 *LADE, 96. 6.
 laght, *caught*, 94. 12; laghte, 101. 5.
 lantyrne, 88. 3.
 *lappez, 17. 9.
 *last, 96. 6.
 launcez, *branches*, 82. 6.
 layned, *concealed*, 21. 4.
 ledde, *sound*, 74. 2.
 lede, *man, fellow*, 46. 2.
 *lef, *leaves*, 7. 5.
 lef, *dear*, 23. 2.
 leghe, *lay*, 18. 10.
 *leke (?), 18. 6.
 lelly, *leally, truly*, 26. 5.
 *leme, *to gleam, glint*, 30. 10.
 *lemman, *true love*, 70. 1.
 lenge, *to tarry*, 22. 9; 78. 9.
 lenghe, 14. 11.
 lenthe, *length*, 86. 11.
 lere, *visage*, 34. 2.
 lethez, *assuages*, 32. 5.
 lette, *hindered*, 88. 6.
 lettrure, *letters, lore*, 63. 7.
 leve, *leave, permission*, 27. 4.
 leven, *to believe*, 6. 9.
 levez, *believes*, 26. 2.
 *livrez, *liveries, array*, 93. 4.
 loghe, *water*, 10. 11.
 lone, *lane*, 89. 10.
 longande, *belonging*, 39. 6.
 lore, *mode, wise*, 20. 8.
 lote, *bow*, 20. 10.
 lote, *sound*, 73. 12.
 *lote, *lot*, 101. 5.
 lote, *countenance*, 75. 8.

- lothe, *sorrow*, 32. 5.
 loute, *bow*, 78. 9.
 love, *to praise*, 24. 9;
 94. 8; 94. 11.
 loveloker, *lovelier*, 13.
 4.
 *luf-daungere, 1. 11.
 luf-longyng, *love-long-*
ing, 96. 12.
 lurez, *losses*, 29. 3.
 lurked, *stole along*,
 82. 6.
 lyghe, *lie*, 26. 4.
 lyghte, *hast alighted*,
 21. 7.
 lygynggez, *dwellings*, 78.
 11.
 lynne, *linen*, 61. 11.
 lyste, *joy*, 39. 11; *long-*
ing, 15. 5.
 lyste, *was pleasing*, 16.
 1; 96. 1.
 lyth, *limb*, 34. 2.
 lythe, *to lessen*, 30. 9.
 lyther, *evil*, 48. 3.
 lythez, *grant*, 31. 9.

 MA, *to make*, 24. 7.
 *madde, 30. 11.
 maddyng, *madness*, 97.
 2.
 make, *mate*, 64. 3.
 makelez, *matchless*, 37.
 3.
 *malte, 19. 8.
 maner, *manor*, 77. 6.
 mare, *more*, 13. 1.
 margarys, *pearls*, 17. 7.
 margyrye, *pearl*, 87. 5.
 marjorys, *pearls*, 18. 2.
 *marred, 30. 11.
 *marrez, *mars*, 32. 10.

 marrez, *marrest*, 2. 11.
 maynful, *mighty, po-*
tent, 92. 1.
 mascle, *spot*, 61. 6.
 maskelez, *spotless*, 63.
 12.
 mate, *sad, dejected*,
 33. 2.
 mate, *to confound*,
 52. 1.
 may, *maid*, 81. 1.
 mele, *theme*, 2. 11.
 melle, *to tell*, 67. 5;
 94. 2.
 mende, *amends*, 30. 3.
 menske, *grace*, 14. 6.
 *merez, 12. 8.
 merez, *meres*, 98. 2.
 mervayle, *marvel*, 95.
 2.
 mes, *meal*, 72. 10.
 *messe, *missal*, 42. 5.
 meten, *measured*, 86.
 12.
 meven, *move, exist*,
 6. 4.
 *meyny, *host*, 46. 2;
 94. 11; 96. 5.
 modez, *notes*, 74. 8.
 mokke, *dirt*, 76. 5.
 mol, *dust*, 32. 10.
 mon, *moan*, 32. 2.
 moote, *stain*, 79. 12.
 *morne, 30. 11.
 mornyf, *mournful*,
 33. 2.
 mote, *blemish*, 61. 6.
 *mote, *city on a hill,*
burgh, 12. 10; 82. 1.
 *motez, *sayest*, 52. 1.
 moul, *earth*, 2. 11.
 moun, *are able*, 45. 8.

 mountez, *amount*, 30. 3.
 munt, *purpose*, 97. 9.
 *mykez, 48. 8.
 *mynge, *to mingle*, 72. 3.
 mynne, *to remember*,
 49. 7.
 mynyster, *minster*, 89.
 7.
 *myrthez, 12. 8.
 myry, *merry, joyous*,
 2. 11.
 *mys, 17. 5.
 mys, *loss*, 22. 10.
 myserecorde, 31. 6.
 mysetente, *mistaken*,
 22. 5.
 *mysse, *loss*, 32. 10.
 *mysse-yeme, *to guard*
ill, 27. 10.
 *myste, *might*, 39. 6.
 *mythe, 30. 11.

 NAGHTE, *night*, 101. 3.
 *naule, 39. 3.
 nawther, *neither*, 87.
 12.
 *nedde, *needed*, 87. 12.
 nede, *needs* (adv.), 3. 1.
 nee, *nor*, 22. 10.
 nemme, *to name*, 84. 1.
 nente, *ninth*, 85. 4.
 nerre, *nearer*, 20. 5.
 nesch, *soft*, 51. 6.
 nieghbor, *neighbour*,
 58. 4.
 note, *delight*, 13. 11;
 77. 10.

 OBES, *obey*, 74. 10.
 of, *off*, 20. 9.
 oghte, *ought*, 29. 5.
 on, *one*, 4. 5.

- *one, 21. 3 ; 26. 12.
 *onslydez, 7. 5.
 othergayn, *overagainst*, 12. 6.
 *out-fleme, *an exile*, 99. 1.
 out-sprent, *streamed forth*, 95. 9.
 overture, *opening*, 19. 2.
 PACE, *passus, place*, 57. 5.
 pale, *to grow pale*, 84. 8.
 *pane, 87. 2.
 parage, *rank*, 35. 11.
 partlez, *portionless*, 28. 11.
 pay, *to please*, 101. 1.
 *paye, 1. 1.
 payred, *shattered*, 21. 6.
 pechche, *sin, spot*, 71. 1.
 perez, *pears, fruits*, 9. 8.
 perfet, *wrought*, 18. 4.
 perre, *jewellery*, 61. 10 ; 86. 8.
 playned, *bewailed*, 5. 5.
 pleny, *to complain*, 46. 9.
 plete, *to plead*, 47. 11.
 plye, *to ply, hold*, 87. 7.
 *plyght, 90. 7.
 *plyt, 54. 11 ; 85. 7 ; 93. 10.
 pobbel, *pebble*, 10. 9.
 pole, *pool*, 10. 9.
 *pourseut, *order*, 87. 3.
 powdered, *scattered*, 4. 8.
 poyned, *adorned*, 19. 1.
 *pray, *prey*, 37. 7.
 pref, *proof*, 23. 8.
 pres, *press, multitude*, 61. 10.
 prese, *praise*, 35. 11.
 *presente, *presence*, 33. 5 ; present, 100. 5.
 *pretermynable, *pre-scient*, 50. 8.
 propertez, 63. 8.
 pryse, *to prize*, 95. 3.
 *pryvy, 1. 12.
 *pyece, 16. 12.
 pyght, *decked*, 18. 1 ; placed, 10. 9 ; 62. 10.
 pykez, *choose*, 48. 9.
 pyle, *building*, 58. 2.
 pynakled, *pinnacled*, 18. 3.
 pyonys, *peonies*, 4. 8.
 QUAT-KYN, *what kind*, 65. 3.
 quayle, *quail*, 91. 5.
 quelle, *to kill*, 67. 7.
 queme, *pleasing*, 99. 3.
 quoynt, *wise*, 75. 1.
 *quyke, *living*, 99. 3.
 quyte, *white*, 18. 3.
 quytez, *requisites*, 50. 7.
 RAAS, *race, course*, 98. 3.
 randez, *paths*, 9. 9.
 *rapely, *quickly*, 31. 3 ; 98. 4.
 rasch, *rash*, 98. 3.
 rauthe, *ruth*, 72. 6.
 rawez, *hedgerows*, 9. 9.
 raxled, *roused (myself)* up, 98. 10.
 raykande, *flowing*, 10. 4.
 raysoun, *reason*, 23. 4.
 recen, *to reckon*, 69. 11.
 rech, *reck*, 28. 9.
 rede, *advise*, 62. 11.
 refete, *restore*, 8. 4.
 reget, *to redeem*, 89. 8.
 reiatez, *royal arrays*, 65. 2.
 reken, *well-ordered, beautiful*, 1. 5.
 reles, *cessation*, 80. 8.
 relusaunt, *refulgent*, 14. 3.
 reme, *to cry*, 99. 5.
 reme, *realm*, 38. 4.
 *remewe, *remove*, 36. 7.
 remorde, 31. 4.
 rengne, *realm*, 58. 8.
 renowlez, *renew*, 90. 12.
 reparde, *kept back, denied*, 51. 11.
 *repayre, 86. 8.
 *reprene, 46. 4.
 rere, *to stand forth*, 14. 4.
 *rert, *raised*, 50. 3.
 *rescoghe, 51. 10.
 *reset, 89. 11.
 resse, *course*, 73. 10.
 restay, *to halt*, 37. 5.
 restayed, *checked*, 98. 4 ; *desisted*, 60. 8.
 retrete, *repeat*, 8. 8.
 *rever, *river*, 88. 11.
 *revereze, *rivers*, 9. 9.
 ronk, *bold*, 98. 3 ; *rich*, 71. 4.
 *rot, *rot*, 3. 2.
 rote, *rot*, 80. 10.
 rote, *root*, 35. 12.
 rourde, *sound*, 10. 4.
 rownande, *murmuring*, 10. 4.
 rybe, *ruby*, 84. 11.
 *rychez, *treasure*, 3. 2.
 ryf, *abundant*, 65. 2 ; 71. 4.

- SADDE, *staid*, 74. 11.
sade, *staid*, 18. 7.
saffer, *sapphire*, 10. 10.
saghe, *a saying*, 19. 10.
saght, *at peace* (adj.); 5. 4.
*saghte, *peace*, 101. 1.
sake, *fault*, 67. 8.
saverly, *savourly*, 19. 10.
*scale, 84. 9.
schede, *to depart*, 35. 3.
schede, *shed*, 62. 9.
schene, *beautiful*, 4. 6.
*schere, *to purify*, 14. 9.
scherez, *divides*, 9. 11.
schorne, *refined*, 18. 9.
schot, *shot*, 5. 10.
schrylle, *clear*, 7. 8.
schym, *bright*, 90. 9.
schynde, *shone*, 7. 8.
schyrr, *clear*, 3. 4.
schyre, *bright*, 4. 6.
sclade, *glade*, 96. 8.
sely, *happy*, 55. 11.
sembelaunt, *semblance*, 96. 3.
*semed, 64. 4.
*seme-slyght, 16. 10.
*sengeley, 1. 8.
*serlypez, 83. 10.
*seses, *put in possession of*, 35. 9.
sete, *to establish*, 101. 1.
skyfte, *ordained*, 48. 5.
*skyllez, 5. 6.
slade, *glade*, 12. 9.
slaght, *slaughter*, 67. 9.
slake, *to slacken, with-draw*, 79. 6.
slente, *slope*, 12. 9.
*slepyng-slaghte, 5. 11.
slode, *slid*, 5. 11.
soberly, *calmly*, 22. 4.
sonde, *sending*, 79. 7.
sorquydryghe, *arrogance*, 26. 9.
soun, *sound, voice*, 45. 4.
sparred, *rushed*, 98. 5.
spece, *kind, species, creature*, 20. 7.
spelle, *speech*, 31. 3.
*spennnd, 5. 1.
*spenned, 5. 5.
*spent, 95. 4.
sponne, *might spin, spring*, 3. 11.
spornande, *rushing*, 31. 3.
*spotty, 90. 2.
stage, *state*, 35. 2.
*stale, 84. 6.
stalked, 13. 8.
*stalle, 16. 8.
standen, *stood* (past part.), 96. 8.
stare, *to stare*, 13. 5.
staren, *shine*, 10. 8.
stayre, *steep*, 86. 2.
stepe, *bright*, 10. 5.
stere, *to overrule, prevent*, 97. 7 ; *to direct*, 52. 11.
sternez, *stars*, 10. 7.
steven, *strain, song*, 94. 9.
*steven, 16. 8.
stoken, *shut*, 89. 9.
stonge, *stung*, 15. 11.
stote, *tarry*, 13. 5.
stounde, *time*, 2. 8.
*stratez, 87. 11.
*stray, 15. 11.
straynez, *constrains*, 11. 8.
stremande, *streaming, refulgent*, 10. 7.
streny, *to strain, labour*, 46. 11.
stresse, *distress*, 11. 4.
strot, *chiding*, 30. 5 ; 71. 8.
*strothe, 10. 7.
*strykez, *proceedest*, 99. 10.
style, *still, quiet*, 2. 8.
*stynt, *cease*, 30. 5.
*sue, *follow*, 82. 4.
*sulpande, *defiling*, 61. 6.
*sum-tyme, *formerly, then*, 64. 4.
sunne-bemez, *sun-beams*, 7. 11.
supplantorez, 37. 8.
*sute, 17. 11 ; 93. 4.
swalt, *died*, 68. 12.
swange, *toiled*, 49. 10.
swangeande, *rushing*, 10. 3.
sware, *to answer*, 20. 12.
sware, *square*, 86. 3.
swat, *sweated*, 49. 10.
*sweifte, *swift*, 30. 6.
sweng, *labour*, 48. 11.
sweven, *sleep*, 6. 2.
swone, *sworn*, 99. 4.
swythe, *quickly*, 30. 6 ; *vigorously*, 89. 3.
syking, *sighing*, 98. 11.
*synglere, 1. 8.

- synglerly, *uniqueness*, 36. 9.
 *syngnettez, *seals*, 70. 10.
 sythen, *since*, 2. 1; 21. 5.
 sythez, *times*, 90. 11.
 sytole-stryng, *citer-string*, 8. 7.

 TACHED, *fastened*, 39. 8.
 tale, *number*, 84. 2.
 tech, *direct*, 78. 12.
 *teche, *spot*, 71. 5.
 temen, *pertain*, 39. 4.
 tenez, *cares, griefs*, 28. 8.
 tenoun, *tenon*, 83. 9.
 thede, *country*, 41. 3.
 thole, *to suffer*, 29. 8.
 *thrange, 2. 5.
 threte, *to threaten*, 47. 9.
 thro, *fierce, wroth*, 29. 8.
 thro, *excellent*, 73. 4.
 throwez, *hurls itself*, 73. 11.
 *thrych, 2. 5.
 thryf, *throve*, 71. 11.
 thryght, *impelled*, 56. 10.
 thryght, *thronged*, 78. 2.
 thryven, *excellent*, 73. 4.
 *thynk, *it seems*, 23. 3.
 thynk, *thing*, 49. 11.
 *tocz, *draws, goes*, 43. 9.
 todrawez, *withdrawest*, 24. 4.
 *toght, *secure*, 44. 6.
 tom, *leisure*, 12. 2.
 topasye, *topaz*, 85. 4.
 tor, *hard*, 93. 5.
 tor, *tower*, 81. 6.
 to-rent, *rent asunder*, 95. 8.
 to-riven, *riven asunder*, 100. 9.
 torrez, *towers*, 73. 11.
 towen, *drawn*, 21. 11.
 *to-yere, 49. 12.
 *tras, *track*, 93. 9.
 trendeled, *rolled*, 4. 5.
 *triys, 63. 11.
 *trone, 93. 9.
 trone, *throne*, 88. 7.
 tryghe, *to trust*, 26. 11.
 trylle, *to tremble*, 7. 6.
 *tryste, *trusty*, 39. 4.
 twayned, *divided*, 21. 11.
 twynne, *two, twain*, 21. 11.
 *twynne-how, *twin-hue*, 85. 4.
 tyghed, *tied*, 39. 8.
 tyght, *come* (p. part.), 42. 11; 85. 5.
 tyght, *to come*, 60. 10.
 tyghte, *described*, 88. 9.
 tylle, *to*, 57. 4.
 tynde, *branch*, 7. 6.
 tyne, *to lose*, 28. 8.
 tyt, *quickly*, 61. 8.
 *UMBEGON, 18. 6.
 umbepyghte, *bedight*, 17. 12.
 under, *noon*, 43. 9.
 *uncortayse, *graceless*, 26. 3.
 unhyde, *to disclose*, 82. 1.
 unlapped, *unbound, loose*, 18. 10.
 unstrayned, *untroubled*, 21. 8.
 unpynne, *to open*, 61. 8.
 *upen, *open*, 89. 10.
 *upon, *open*, 17. 6.
 urthe, *earth*, 75. 5.
 utwyth, *without*, 81. 9.
 VAYL, *avail*, 76. 12.
 veray, *true*, 99. 8, 9.
 verez, *veers*, 15. 9.
 *vertues, 94. 10.
 *viys (?), 17. 5.
 *voched, *summoned* (p. part.), 94. 5.
 vyne, *vineyard*, 42. 10.
 vyz, *visage*, 63. 6.
 WACE, *was*, 6. 5.
 wade, *to wade*, 96. 11.
 wage, *to continue*, 35. 8.
 wakned, *awoke*, 98. 7.
 *wale, *to espy, choose*, 84. 4; 84. 11.
 wallande, *boiling, wel-ling*, 31. 5.
 *walte, 97. 4.
 wan, *reached*, 9. 11.
 *waning (?), 47. 6.
 war, *aware*, 92. 4.
 warpe, *to utter*, 74. 3.
 *wate, *wot*, 42. 10.
 wawez, *waves*, 24. 11.
 *wayned, *caused to come, brought*, 21. 9.
 waynez, *directs*, 11. 11.
 wayted, *watched*, 2. 2.
 wedez, *robes*, 95. 5.
 *weete, *wet*, 95. 7.
 wele, *treasure*, 2. 2; 29. 6.
 welke, *walked*, 9. 5.
 welkyn, 10. 8.
 wely, *happy*, 9. 5.
 wene, *to doubt*, 96. 1.

- *werle, 18. 5.
 *westernays, 26. 7.
 weve, *to pass*, 27. 6.
 *weved, *brought*, 82. 4.
 *whallez-bon, *walrus*
 tusk, 18. 8.
 *whatez, 87. 9.
 whyle, *once*, 2. 3.
 with-nay, *deny*, 77. 4.
 *wlonk, *noble*, 11. 2 ; 98.
 7.
 wode, *mad*, 62. 11.
 wod-schawez, *groves*,
 24. 8.
 woghe, *wall*, 88. 5.
 wolde, *to wield*, 68.
 8.
 wommon, *women's*, 20.
 8.
 wonde, *to turn*, 13. 9.
 wone, *dwelling*, 88. 5.
 wonne (past part.),
 brought by toil, 3. 8.

 *wonted, 18. 11.
 *wony, *to dwell*, 24.
 8.
 wonys, *dwells*, 4. 11.
 wortez, *herbs*, 4. 6.
 worthe, *able*, 9. 4.
 worthyly, *worthy one*,
 4. 11.
 *wothe, 32. 3.
 *wothez, 13. 7.
 wrange, *misfortune*,
 2. 3.
 *wro, *corner, verse*,
 73. 2.
 wroken, *banished*, 32.
 3.
 wrythe, *to turn*, 30. 2.
 wrythen, *toil*, 43. 7.
 wygh, *man*, 9. 4.
 wyghez, *men*, 6. 11.
 wyl day, *longed-for*
 day, 44. 12.
 wylnez, *wishest*, 27. 6.

 *wynne, *winsome*, 13.
 10.
 wyrde, *fate*, 21. 9.
 wyse, *manner*, 12. 1.
 wyther-half, *opposite*,
 20. 2.

 YGHE, *eye*, 97. 1.
 yghe, *eyes*, 16. 3.
 *ynde, *Indian blue*, 85.
 8.
 ynde, *India*, 7. 4.
 yvore, *ivory*, 15. 10.

 YATE, *gate*, 61. 8.
 yates, *gates*, 89. 9.
 yatez, *gates*, 87. 2.
 yemen, *yeomen*, 45. 7.
 yerned, *desired*, 100. 2.
 *yete, 47. 6.
 yore-fader, *forefather*,
 27. 10.
 *yot, 1. 10.

F I N I S



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